Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 22, No. 27 | Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West | TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL 17, 1909 | TERMS—Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance) $2. | Whole No. 1115

THE FRONT PAGE

THE prospect of a satisfactory adjustment of existing difficulties between the city of Toronto and the Toronto Street Railway appears dubious. The chief difficulty, as I see it, is that the basis of the present negotiations are all wrong, and under the existing conditions it will be absolutely impossible to harmonize and reconcile the two points of view. The city is very rightly endeavoring to extend the street car lines to points that are as yet, comparatively speaking, sparsely settled, bringing the outermost districts into easy and rapid communication with the centre of the city. This plan would increase the street railway's mileage to a considerable extent, and in years to come would no doubt be good revenue producers. But not now. The Street Railway, I presume, looks at the problem from a business man's standpoint, and they might well say to themselves: "What is the use of our spending good money opening up lines which will not be revenue producers during the life of our contract?"

Carrying the argument still farther the Street Railway might also maintain that the spending of large sums of money for additional rolling stock is also unbusinesslike. The really up-to-date street cars, with a capacity fully a third larger than those now operated in Toronto and containing various improvements with which we are not familiar, means a large expenditure of money. The modern type of car costs $7,000, and this would mean an outlay of $700,000 for a meagre one hundred cars with which to relieve the present crowded condition of existing lines. But the question is, could not the company, arguing from the company's standpoint, get along without these cars? Undoubtedly they could to the great inconvenience of the citizens.

Under these circumstances would it not be best to have Toronto come to some immediate understanding regarding this franchise? On the one hand the city might become a partner of the Street Railway, entering into a general plan of extending lines and constructing the latest and more expensive cars; or on the other hand the city might come to an understanding respecting an extension of franchise. It is all very well to say that the city will take the lines over in ten years or so, but what are we to do in the interval? As time goes on, and the company sees itself so much nearer the scrap heap, they are bound to save every dollar they can. This may not be fair to Toronto, but it's business, and after all the Toronto Street Railway is a commercial enterprise. As I have said before on this page no corporation without a future ahead of it is going to do its best work, any more than an individual would under like circumstances. Whether the city takes over the lines ten years hence or whether the company retains them is not troubling the citizens. It's the immediate future they are looking to and not to posterity. Whether the people walk over one's grandchild ten or fifteen years hence does not trouble us; it's our own corns we are looking out for. It's here and now, and not then and when.

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THE Canadian Citizens' League have in hand an interesting project, one which all Canada will watch with a great deal of attention. As outlined the idea is to fight the saloon in its own special territory by the establishment of tea houses. The nearer the saloon the tea house can be placed the better suited will be those who have the plan in hand. That men meet in saloons largely as a matter of conviviality cannot be denied. To the poorer man the saloon is what the club is to his wealthier neighbor. He meets a friend on the street, shakes his hand and asks him into the nearest saloon. There they can sit and talk or stand and talk, and incidentally have a drink or two. The saloon is easy of access. They are never located on the second floor. The door swings both ways and the latch string is always out (in business hours). In other words the saloon keeper knows how to attract trade. If the tea room is made as easily accessible, as attractive, and as democratic, (bear that in mind) then it may have some chances of success. For it must be remembered that the average man takes a drink for the sake of having something to do. The offer of a glass of "booze" to a friend is a homely but practical method of paying that friend a little personal attention. On her receiving day the hostess gives callers tea, coffee, dinky cakes and hot toast, in much the same spirit as the husband of the family does round the corner with his man friend. The methods are different, but the objects obtained are not at all dissimilar.

It now remains to be seen whether the tea room will answer the purposes of the saloon to an appreciable extent. In civilizations far older than ours, tea rooms are almost national institutions. The Chinese gentleman gives his guests tea, not whiskey nor wine. For thousands of years he and his forefathers before him have been brewing tea for their friends. To him there is nothing effeminate in the custom. But with us it is different. Deep down in our Anglo-Saxon souls we cannot disassociate tea from woman and womanish things, and in our superior way we desire something different. It now remains to be seen whether the tea saloon run in opposition to the liquor saloon can wean us away.

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WHEN the Dominion Iron and Steel Company took two and three-quarter million dollars out of the Dominion Coal Company, the natural conclusion was that the stockholders would at last have a look in. It appears, however, according to one ordinarily well informed financial writer, that three million dollars, no less, are now required to put the Dominion Steel plant in "good shape," and the inference is that the stock-holders will still be on the waiting list as regards dividends. Can any of our wise men at Ottawa who provide the Dominion Iron and Steel Company with a most substantial tariff against foreign competition, and then to make it extra good add on a system of bonuses which of themselves are probably sufficient to pay a very large proportion of the company's entire wage bill, tell us what the matter is?

The poor old Dominion Coal Company under the recent Privy Council decision has its neck in a noose to the extent of providing the Steel Company fuel at less than cost price. The Steel Company bought a great bed of iron ore on the island of Newfoundland for a song; the Government of Nova Scotia contributed to the enterprise, and so has everyone else in sight, either in excessive prices of manufactured materials or by direct bonuses, and still the Company appears to be in the hole, with its common stock selling around $33 per share. The question naturally arises as to how long it will be necessary for the taxpayers to feed pap to this and like corporations before they will be able to stand alone.

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THE man who inaugurated that correspondence school at Scranton, Pennsylvania, fifteen years ago or so did a great work. I don't know what his name is or was, or whether he is dead or alive. Anyhow, some day some one will somewhere put up a big stone on which this man's name will be inscribed in deep cut letters. The man who had originality enough to invent a system whereby the workman could in his idle after hours obtain a technical education and improve himself, and incidentally better the country in which he lives, is worthy of more than passing mention.

I am reminded of this by the proceedings of the Ontario Library Association at which the Rev. W. A. Bradley of Berlin mentioned that in the space of five years students in six of the smaller Ontario cities had paid a single correspondence school no less than $262,000. It was money well expended. It would have been better, of course, had our own people originated the idea, but as we didn't let's take our hats off to the fellow who did.

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THE concluding article on "British Diplomacy and Canada," by Andrew Macphail, takes prominent place in the current number of the University Magazine. The articles from first to last were written with the idea of showing that after all old John Bull did not do so badly diplomatically, when it came to taking care of his young son, Canada, in the numerous boundary disputes with Uncle Sam. Of course, not over one-half of the population will ever agree with Dr. Macphail's conclusions; but in all likelihood the Doctor is aware of this already. It is a curious manifestation of the human mind, he says, that what it desires earnestly it becomes convinced in time that it really does possess. Thus it happens that Canadians have been thinking all the while that they originally owned a part of the state of Maine; that the Oregon boundary should have been far south of its present limits; that Ashburton was an ass and not a diplomat, and that the Alaska boundary settlement was a steal. Thinking along these lines has become a sort of a mania; a malady which Dr. Macphail is endeavoring to cure.

Dr. Macphail points out that it would be a most desirable thing to have Canada bounded on the south by Mexico, and it might have been so, he says, had George III. not been an obstinate fool and Lord North a faithful servant; with all of which many will disagree. British diplomacy has not been, according to the author, the naive, guileless thing its friends would have us believe. As a matter of fact Britain obtained, in a large proportion of cases, everything to which she was entitled. As for the very generally held belief that through the stupidity of Lord Ashburton Maine fell to the United States instead of to Canada, Dr. Macphail points out that this conception is merely a grotesque fancy and that Daniel Webster fooled his own countrymen in the Senate into passing favorably upon this treaty by leading them to suppose that they had bested Britain. The two states, Maine and New Hampshire, whose territory was at stake, were both bitterly opposed to the treaty, so runs the story, and a failure of the negotiations meant an outbreak of hostilities; indeed hostilities had already begun between New Brunswick and Maine. The President was authorized to call out the militia, and ten million dollars were voted for defence. This was what was called the "Restook War," and it was at this crisis that the long headed Webster stepped in. He showed the Senators—who must have been a rather thickheaded lot—by means of an old unofficial map, with a red line drawn through it, that the United States were getting much territory to which, under the Treaty of Paris, they were not entitled; whereas as a matter of fact they were getting nothing of the sort. By this means these Senators were nursed into passing the treaty. In after years they boasted of how they had fooled the Canadians out of a big piece of territory, and the Canadians believed it and keep on believing it even to this day.

In view of the pending Waterways Treaty, and the fact that many Canadians hold to the belief that Uncle Sam will do us one way or another before we are through with it, this review of past diplomatic bargains is very interesting, and the reader of the same will probably have a better idea of British diplomacy than would otherwise be the case.

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AT a recent meeting of the Ontario Library Association, Dr. William Wilfred Campbell of Ottawa stated that one of the great dangers besetting the people of this country was the crowding out of the serious in literature by the reading of papers and magazines rather than books. Dr. Campbell's point is in the main, I think, well taken, but what are you going to do about it? That the average being is a sensation monger there can be no doubt. We have instances of it every day. The bigger the sensation the blacker the type. This is not done because the managing editor believes it the thing to do as a matter of ethical culture. He is merely fulfilling his mission as a managing editor. He is giving the people what they demand as do the baker, the grocer or the butcher. If he could publish the "History of Methodism" or the "Life of Henry George" instead of the Kinrade murder case do it he would without a moment's hesitation. But, alas, he can't, for the fellow who buys the papers would skip his journal and go to the rival who has a better idea of the public's wants.

We are living in an age of tabloid literature. The author who a generation ago spread his work over more pages, possibly with better effect, and placed the same between board covers, is to-day employed writing special articles, short stories or at best storiettes for the magazines. Some of these are real literature, but more, alas, are mere drivel. They are drivel because the magazine publisher has found by experience just what his special audience demands. In other words he is a business man; literary traditions and ideals have no place in his cosmos. If the public demands a finer grade of literary nourishment, their demands are supplied, but so long as they are content to patronize the coarse-grained stuff, the same will be furnished by the purveyors of to-day. The successful publisher of this generation takes pains to ascertain what his readers are most interested in, and this he endeavors to give. In other words the publisher blazes few new trails in the field of contemporary writing. He is content to follow the lead of the public, and as I said before he does it as a matter of business.

The first James Gordon Bennett always admitted the principle that a newspaper should reflect public opinion, instead of attempting to create it. In other words first find out what the public wants and then give it them. There is a very human side to this mode of reasoning, for mortal man loves beyond all things to have his own ideas reflected in the types before his eyes. Dr. Campbell says the present trend is an appeal to the individual; so it is, for this is the short road to influence and wealth.

If the libraries and the librarians of Canada are to teach us better let them get busy. Dr. Campbell says that the saving of the community is the work of the Library Association and of the church, and perhaps he is right. At any rate I wish them God-speed and much success.

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FOR some time the seven seas have been heaving proudly and expectantly at the thought of bearing to London the colonial delegates to the Imperial Press Conference to be held next month. But the sea of Canadian journalism isn't affected that way at all because of the approaching event. It is troubled thereby. In some of the deep places, it is true, there are sounds as of laughter. But in others there are angry mutterings. And at Winnipeg there is a dickens of a storm.

When the Press Conference was first mentioned it was thought that it would be a gathering of first-raters among working journalists. The next thing most of the working journalists—the editors and real newspaper men—heard of the affair was that the delegates had been appointed. The daily papers had, by request of the London committee, selected representatives, these being in most cases proprietors and publishers, not editors. This was some months ago. Winnipeg, with three dailies, was asked to select two delegates. And anyone who reads The Winnipeg Tribune of April 10 will know something of the struggle that ensued. Mr. R. L. Richardson, proprietor of The Tribune; Mr. M. E. Nichols, leading spirit of The Telegram; and Mr. Macklin, of The Free Press, got together to settle the matter. But they couldn't stay together. After months of intrigue, The Tribune indignantly tells us, Mr. Richardson's colleagues in committee gave him the double-cross and appointed Mr. J. W. Dafoe, of The Free Press, and Mr. Nichols. Now Mr. Richardson, in an open letter of enormous length and western spirit, characterizes Mr. Nichols as "a pocket edition of Machiavelli" and many other things, and devotes three hot columns of his paper to the story.

To working journalists the spectacle of proprietors scrapping over appointments to their own junketing will be rich indeed.

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THE military fever has caught the women of England in its grip. Some of the Amazons have a desire to get in the firing line, others have taken up the task of acting as recruiting agents, while still others are determined to qualify as nurses. The wife of one of Britain's peers, Lady Esher, is forming a corps of nurses, the same to be attached to the Territorial centres. The women who enroll themselves are being properly trained in ambulance duties. But this is not all, for according to the English papers, there now exists a contingent of mounted nurses. They wear a smart cavalry uniform, have their own lady lieutenants and captains, and accounts state that they look extremely "decorative" on horseback. No doubt women have before now served their countries well in field hospitals, and will probably continue so to do. But when it gets to a point where they wear "smart" uniforms, ride horses, and look "decorative" the war fever has developed into a contagion, an epidemic, a fashion, like elbow sleeves, coal scuttle hats, the Marcil wave, and other things which mere man doesn't know the names of. However, there is one thing to be said in extenuation. It's only a fashion and by autumn, this modern Joan of Arc in her smart cavalry uniform will be looking with longing eyes toward Paris and the latest creations.

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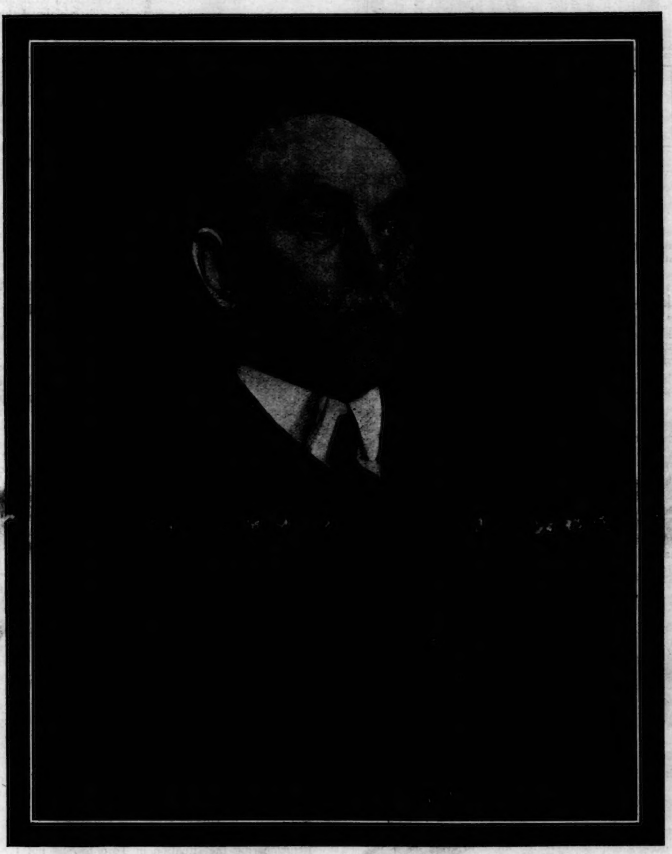
IN spite of the strident military humor of a portion of the population at the moment, the members of the Ontario Educational Association are by no means unanimous respecting the general introduction of military drill in the schools. Samuel Trumian of Kirkfield, in his address on the subject strongly opposed all military drill among the scholars, but on the other hand was enthusiastically in favor of physical training. He said that the financial burdens of the country are sufficiently heavy as it is without adding the cost of such drills, and perhaps he is right. Canada has no use for a race of trained soldiers; between conscription and professional soldiering Europe is already in the throes of despair. Canada has no sound reason for making an armed camp of herself, and besides when it comes to fighting to defend one's rights, (and we would fight for no other reason) it does not make a great deal of difference whether a man marches off left foot first or not. The Boer war gave the world a long-to-be-remembered example of what men untrained in military tactics may do. The Boer could



LORD KITCHENER'S SUCCESSOR.

GENERAL SIR O'MOORE CREAGH, V.C., K.C.B., WILL SUCCEED LORD KITCHENER AS COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF INDIA. HE WILL HAVE CONTROL OF NEARLY 400,000 TROOPS, AND A TERRITORY OF ABOUT 2,000,000 SQUARE MILES. THE NEW CHIEF IS AN IRISHMAN FROM COUNTY CLARE. HE JOINED THE ARMY 43 YEARS AGO, AND WON HIS V.C. IN THE AFGHAN WAR OF 1879. FORTY YEARS OF HIS SERVICE HAVE BEEN SPENT IN THE EAST.

ride and shoot, but of military drill he knew nothing, nor did he care. When the pinch came, however, he was in the firing line, and fought with a determination and a skill which astonished the military men of England.

This invasion bugbear persisted in by some Canadians (fortunately not over plentiful) should have no place in the public schools or out of it, for that matter; and if this pugnacious spirit is going to be fostered by putting uniforms on school boys' backs and dummy guns in their hands then the sooner the whole question is dropped the better. Shooting is fine recreation, a manly sport, and every man should know how to handle a gun, but not necessarily with the idea of turning it against his neighbor.

Some day we are going to do away with armies and professional soldiers. They are a drag on the universe, financially, commercially and morally. And if we can teach this principle to the generations now growing up and to those that are still to follow, this world should be a vastly better place to live in.

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SAM CLARKE and R. R. Gamey don't like Indian portraits at one hundred dollars per. The Ontario Government bought fifteen of these paintings, the work of Edmond Morris, well-known in Toronto, and throughout Canada for that matter, for his clever and painstaking portraits of the North American Indian, but Messrs. Clarke and Gamey both objected to the bill, the latter interposing the remark that one could buy live Indians at the rate of $100 each. Well, perhaps, but fortunately for art and artists the Ontario Government is more appreciative. If all public moneys spent annually were as well expended as this $1,500 there would be little to growl at.

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A VALUED member of that large band of Ottawa employees known as Civil Servants writes me stating that the proportion of these employees in debt to money lenders is not so large as might be inferred from an article on this page last week. He states that not over ten per cent. of these men and women are in the hands of loan sharks, and as he is in a position to know pretty accurately, I hereby pass the explanation on to the public, along with my apologies. Ottawa has in all some four thousand civil servants, so those who have been unfortunate enough to get in the hands of the loan sharks total four hundred. As a matter of fact, however, my correspondent should not feel at all badly at the statement that civil servants are ordinarily in debt. So is nearly everybody else for that matter. The business of this world is run on paper, for the very good reason that there is not sufficient money to go around, and our banks would make a poor showing indeed if it were not for the constant stream of borrowers entering their doors.

THE COLONEL.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK IN THE OUTLOOK OFFICE.

This portrait was taken by Henry Hoyt Moore the day before Mr. Roosevelt's departure for Africa, while he was reading the proof of one of his editorials.

A Los Angeles Mix-up and a Moral for Toronto.

By E. E. SHEPPARD ("DON").

(Written for The Toronto Saturday Night.)

WHEN, some three months ago, some of the newspapers enquired, and strenuously reiterated the question, "Is vice protected in Los Angeles?" the Mayor and his friends, all the booze people and the bums, referred to the crusade as "a hell of a holler about nothing." Los Angeles is a Republican city, but A. C. Harper, the Mayor, was a Democrat, elected, it is said, by the treachery of the Southern Pacific boss, a man who is ordinarily referred to as having no more politics than a gate post and no more economic morals than a tomcat. Harper himself was a good fellow of our old-time Harry Piper style, though a little weaker in character and a little stronger in cash. As soon as he got his feet on the Mayor's table—a year and a half ago—he appointed a friend of his, Ed. Kern, Chief of Police, and placed a notorious gambler named Sam Schenck on the Police Commission. Harper had been in so many deals of all sorts that he had friends of a very motley variety, and he was just a good enough fellow to stick to them and put them in places where they had no right to be. A sum of some twenty-three and a half million dollars was voted for what is known as the Owens River Aqueduct, which is to bring water into Los Angeles from a long distance and provide a most bounteous supply, though the present system is quite as sufficient for the needs of the city as that possessed by Toronto. Together with other indebtedness this places Los Angeles under a very great debt, and the people were presumably anxious that this large fund should be economically expended.

At the beginning of the year Mayor Harper, who had appointed Ed. Kern as Chief of Police, moved him from that post to be one of the Commissioners for the construction of the aqueduct, in spite of the protest of The Herald, the only Democratic paper in the city, and of every other influence which the better class of people could bring to bear. This is what broke the camel's back. The newspapers had been able to stand Kern as Chief of Police and Sam Schenck as Police Commissioner, but when it became evident that there was a graft conspiracy to robble a section of that twenty-three million dollars of aqueduct money, a pain struck the Municipal League, composed of disgruntled politicians and large taxpayers, and The Herald suddenly demanded that Mayor Harper be recalled.

It is this recall feature that seemed to me a possibly interesting episode to the people of Toronto, and suggested the idea that I might write to you about it. Unfortunately, Toronto does not possess a charter, as it should, but Los Angeles has such a thing and it has been repeatedly revised, an election being held last January in which over thirty different amendments were submitted and some seven of them adopted. At a prior election the recall principle was incorporated in the charter, which provides that if a mayor, alderman or other elected official by his acts becomes so distasteful to the electorate that they desire his removal, a petition consisting of 25 per cent. of the registered voters who elected the man can force City Council to demand his recall and declare a new, election, which may take place any time not exceeding forty days nor less than thirty days after said petition has been filed and accepted by the Municipal Council Harper was elected in a triangular fight by between ten and eleven thousand votes, and a larger number than those that elected him was found to sign a petition for his recall, thus generously exceeding the demand of the charter. All the newspapers in the city but two opposed the recall movement. Los Angeles possesses what is said to be, and probably is, the biggest and meanest newspaper in the world. It exceeds in size and the number of columns of advertising and the general merit of its reading matter, any other newspaper published in either America, Great Britain or Europe. It is said to be allied with the Southern Pacific interests, which are the governing impulse of everybody who is after graft. While this paper—The Times—had welcomed the recall clause in the constitution, it craw-fished in the most barefaced manner, and during the election had its hoof on the loud pedal, screaming that the recall was un-American, unjust, expensive, and unnecessary. All the evening newspapers but one followed in its wake, and The Herald and The Express were left alone to bring about the result which seemed to me, as a transient resident in the city, so absolutely necessary.

Another interesting phase of city government as in force here, was a protracted session of the Grand Jury, lasting several months. It had been summoned to investigate the charge that the officials and police of Los Angeles were protecting vice, that officials directly and indirectly, by means of fees and shares of rentals, were making money out of the "red light" district. A Grand Jury here consists of nineteen men. The majority report of this Grand Jury was that vice had been protected, but no indictment was brought. The minority report, signed by either five or seven men—I do not quite remember which—declared that not only had vice been protected, but the Mayor and Chief of Police had been guilty of joining in orgies in this underworld of Los Angeles, and had gone the limit buying liquor illegitimately sold and seeing sights which had no right to be "saw." This was a bombshell in the camp of the anti-recallers, and the booze-sellers and the bums began to think that it was not such "a hell of a holler about nothing" after all. A newspaper that had been supporting Harper demanded his resignation within twenty-four hours or they would expose his personal misdemeanors, while The Express gave him the same length of time to quit on account of his official acts, which would, or ought to, put him out of business

So lightly had the recall movement been held that no provision was made for anyone but Harper to oppose the nominee of the Municipal League, who happened to be a Scotchman named George Alexander, ordinarily known as "Uncle George." The Socialists placed on the ticket a man named Wheeler, who had about as much chance under ordinary circumstances as a Socialist who once ran in Toronto and got a big vote on account of the unpopularity of the regular candidates.

When Harper resigned the mayoralty, the Council was forced to elect a mayor for his unexpired term, and here the lawyers got their work in. They claimed that his unexpired term was until the end of this year. The recallers, of course, protested that his term had been closed by the recall petition, and should not be longer than the 26th of March, the day set for the recall election. Injunctions and law-suits and all kinds of horrible trash were discussed by the newspapers and the politicians, but the City Attorney stood pat and said the recall election had to go on, though the anti-recallers said that Mayor Harper having resigned, there was nobody to recall. The injunctions failed to stick, and the election was held on the 26th of March, with what seems to me a surprising result. Alexander, with the wealth and intelligence and good morals of the city at his back, was elected by less than 1,600 plurality, in a total poll of a little over 26,000, while Wheeler got nearly all the balance, a few other names having been written on the ballots which cut very little figure. All the influence of the Southern Pacific political and commercial machine, the influence of the Democratic political toughness, and all the push of the Republican bosses turned to Wheeler regardless of the fact that the election of a Socialist in a city about the size of Toronto, and relying for its prosperity on its public credit, would have been irreparably damaged by showing itself to be in the same situation as the city of San Francisco, which elected Schmidt, thereby inaugurating a carnival of graft and crime and corruption which jury after jury has endeavored to clean up.

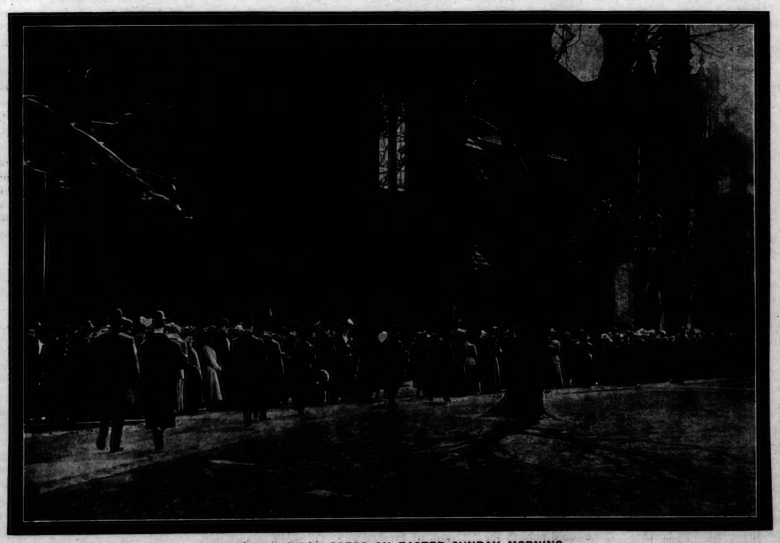
However, "Uncle George" Alexander was elected Mayor, and the first great trial of the re-call principle has been proven a success. There will doubtless be a general housecleaning, not only at the City Hall, but in the Tenderloin district. By the way, it might be remarked that the California of to-day, particularly Southern California, is not at all like it used to be when gambling and everything was wide open. The health-seekers from the East have populated this southern half of the State and brought in many Puritan ideas that they are insistently trying to enforce. Bars here are closed on Sunday and on every election day, and though they are not closed at night, as in Toronto, at eleven, they are supposed to be tightly sealed up by one o'clock in the morning. Prohibition has made great headway, and the majority of small towns in the southern half of this State are absolutely "dry." And this is the point where the better element of the anti-recallers were in direct antagonism to those who overthrew Mayor Harper. They want to see good laws and have them enforced, but they are not Puritans either by instinct or by faith in the practicability of prohibition. A large number of those who voted for the Socialist on the 26th of March were afraid of a Puritan regime, and were even willing to risk the experiment of a Socialist Mayor rather than put public affairs in the hands of the "pink sox" brigade, who want a dry town, Sunday laws, and all sorts of impracticable restrictions.

Remembering the situation in Toronto, and not forgetting the cutting down of the licenses at a recent election, I desire to make one point clear, that the more liberal-minded people are more apt to coalesce with Socialists or any other untried, deluded or un-understandable outfit, than co-operate with a strait-laced and misguided people who desire to force nauseating doses of Puritanism down their necks. It won't work, and it is evident that at the next election held in the city of Los Angeles the recallers will not be able to hold their own, and if they are successful must have a compromise candidate. Every right-thinking voter wants an honest administration of the public funds, yet a great many of them, in fact the majority of them, do not want to make Los Angeles a dry city and turn the tide of tourists—that upon which the city depends for its prosperity, its increase of population, and money for investment—away from its doors by restrictions which sound bad to the public ear and are of no practical use in preventing that percentage of vice which always has been and always will be, that amount of drinking which always has been and always will be, except, of course, as public opinion condemns and ostracizes those who practice it DON.

The automobile is fast winning respect as the skillful detective of modern times. When clandestine affairs are to be disclosed, it has Sherlock Holmes lashed to the mast.—April Smart Set.

A man's golfing garb not only affords no clue to his golfing ability, but it does not give the slightest indication of his social position or wealth, nor even of his taste.—Golf Illustrated.

A fool and his money are soon popular.—Life.



TORONTO CHURCH-GOERS ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.
Scene at St. James's Cathedral just before the morning service.

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

Montreal, April 15, 1909.

THE eyes of the local holders of La Rose mining stock begin to stick out as they think of what it might mean to them if it were really true that they had obtained control of the wonderful Lawson property and were about to commence to operate it. No one can even estimate the richness of the Lawson vein, because no one knows how deep it goes, but there, on the surface of the earth, it runs, a pathway of solid silver—four, five, six hundred feet of it, before it dips and is lost to sight. "The Silver Sidewalk," one of the principal owners of LaRose, in terms poetical and euphonious, has called it—although a strict regard for the truth might possibly limit the width of the sidewalk to that prevailing in the city's outskirts where a single plank, and a narrow one at that, does duty. Even so, we recollect that Dick Whittington went to London expecting to find the streets paved with gold—or it may be that the recollection is confused with the Hebraic vision of Heaven. At any rate Dick expected something in that line, and we smiled at his credulity. Yet, here, in the northern wilds, in no-man's land, lay, if not a silver sidewalk, at least a silver pathway, free to the man who would come and take it.

⁂

Dumas Discounted.—Alexander Dumas, when he wrote The Count of Monte Cristo, seems to have thought he was setting a new high record for riches which would hold good for all time. Poor Alex. Yet, he can't be blamed greatly either, for he certainly had us all going for a while. All this time, eluding the prying eyes of the prospector, lay the Lawson vein. The Indian, if he knew of it, counted it small gain, as did the lumberman whose shod heel, it is said, burnished it to brightness beneath the shining sun. Then, five years ago, came Thomas Crawford, a prospector, and to him the earth gave up her secret. It was unfortunate for Crawford—in fact, unfortunate by several million dollars' worth—that she told but half her secret and was equally generous with the next fellow who came along. And therein is a moral for the thoughtful reader. Lawson was the second chap and she took his name. And Lawson—lucky Lawson, wise Lawson—kept his peace and gave Crawford the valuable consideration of $200 and made also a deal to give him a quarter of the profits should he, Lawson, make further discoveries. Lawson is said to be an Australian but he showed the carefulness of the Scot, that time. Next came three other miners, Donald Crawford and Murdock McLeod and John McLeod, these three claiming that each was entitled to a quarter interest with Thomas Crawford. But Brother Thomas said them nay.

⁂

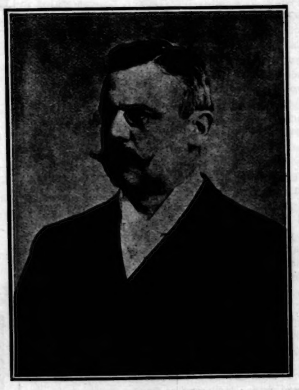
How Lawson Jumped.

It's a shame what happened then. The value of Lawson went up with leaps and bounds and we weren't in the rise. Appeared upon the scene John McMartin, who undertook to fight the cause of the three malcontents on consideration that, should he win, they would sell him their interest for $75,000. Then they all set to fighting, and are fighting yet—where we leave them. Meantime, the mine had yielded up ore to the value of $125,000. Mine? It was not a mine at all, but a trench, and all that has been taken out, even yet, is a matter of 70 tons. Who, before, ever heard of a prospect whose first seventy tons of dirt was worth $125,000? When the work was stopped, they covered the silver up so that the sight of it wouldn't encite the natives to emulate each other in the art, so much in vogue in more populous centres, of acquiring. Lawson vein, since its discovery has been the standard of excellence to which all Cobalt dreams aspire. It is one of the most marvellous things the mining world has ever seen, and, as one engineer has said, "It's a pity to spoil it for the few millions it contains." How much it contains, no one may say until its depth is known. If it goes down only a few inches estimates will shrivel up like Saratoga chips. But a vein having a width of as much as a foot or more, and a length of five or six hundred feet, and silver to the grass roots, must go down a few feet, at least, and a very short distance of that kind of thing will make Dumas come out and write a new book. That is why the eyes of shareholders of LaRose bulge out when they dream that Lawson may be theirs.

⁂

Dominion Textile.

And now, if we can get down out of the clouds for a while, it is of more or less interest to us to know what the Dominion Textile Company is going to do about its employees. The operators claim that the company promised to restore to them as quickly as possible the ten per cent. which they consented to have cut off their wages last spring when matters were going badly with the company. The company acknowledges the claim, and promises to do something as soon as the market comes right. After reading their statement some time since, the impression left on the mind was that the company was very careful to avoid committing itself to a complete restoration programme, but was willing to grant increases one of these days. Apparently the operators are of opinion that the promise was to restore the wages to the former level. It is, probably, natural for the employers to hold back as long as they can, just as it is for the employees to try to expedite matters. There is a point, however, past which it is poor policy for either side to urge matters. It pays to not skin things too fine. John D. Rockefeller is finding that out. Carnegie's gifts were refused, and, although such blows are of the nature of those which hurt the giver more than the receiver, it serves to show that money is not everything. The cotton group has not endeared itself to the hearts of Montrealers by its actions in the past. Only a short time since a Judge gave a decision in favor of a few dissenting stockholders of the Dominion Cotton Co., an exceedingly interesting and important part of his remarks characterizing the actions of those concerned in terms not calculated to make a sensitive man feel enamored of himself. A short time since, also, the dividend on Canadian Converters was passed at a time when the business of the company was increasing and when the situation was much clearer than it had been for many months previous; and although the directors were called upon by the public press to give an explanation of their action they have remained mute till this day. But the company's stock broke about twenty points from its high level and there was a wiping out of small margins. The street is forming its conclusions, and if the cotton group can make any little concessions in the matter of the treatment of its employes, without utterly dislocating its spine and bringing on a hemorrhage, why—it may be counted unto the group for righteousness some day.



HON. L. J. FORGET
Senator Forget is one of Canada's foremost financiers. He is a director of the C. P. R., president of the Montreal Street Railway, and largely interested in numerous other enterprises.

⁂

Toronto, April 15, 1909.

SECURITIES generally continue to show great strength. The reasons for such a condition are not logical. Conservative operators are doing little in the market as the outside public are still holding aloof from speculation. But stocks are being taken care of, and it is generally remarked that the floating supply is gradually diminishing. The present state of the industries, with the outlook ahead for business, would hardly warrant a boom in security prices. The stimulus to the buying is the cheapness of money, which enables a few daring speculators to manipulate prices. The interest charges throughout the world are at the lowest level in a great many years. London has experienced a rate of 3-4 of 1 per cent., Paris 1 per cent., New York 1 1-2, and Berlin 2 per cent. At each of the European centres the supplies of gold have mounted to epoch-making records. The great foreign banks hold $2,935,000,000 specie against $2,590,000,000 last year. This cheap money is fostering injudicious operations by professional stock speculators. One of the favorable features is that the railways and big corporations can raise capital on attractive terms, and thus prosecute extensions and improvements in their works. The reduction in metal prices has brought and is bringing in extensive orders for all kinds of railway material. While there has been no apparent improvement in general trade, the railway earnings are much better than they were. During the month of March the gross earnings were 11 per cent. ahead of last year, which, however, was fully 14 per cent. below those of 1907. Bank clearings are also larger. Those of Toronto last week, for instance, increased 27.9 per cent., Montreal gained over 30 per cent., Winnipeg 27.6 per cent., Vancouver 35.9 per cent., Ottawa 19.7 per cent., Hamilton 15 per cent., St. John 17 per cent., and Calgary 46.5 per cent. These and other factors warrant faith in general betterment as the year progresses, but that faith will not be strengthened nor will that betterment be expedited by any kind of manipulation on the part of cliques.

⁂

Some Big Gains.

The advances in prices of securities have been considerable as compared with a year ago. Last year was the time of their lives for investors who had money to spare, but comparatively few were in a position to take advantage of the opportunities. It is a question now if securities have not appreciated enough to discount the immediate future. It is true that there are some good issues that will yield at present from five to six per cent. on the investment. If investors could depend upon the rates of interest continuing at to-day's figures, of course there would be some inducement to buy many relatively low-priced issues, but the uncertainty about future conditions will keep conservative operators out of the market. To say the least it would be unwise to become bullish after the market has had such a big advance. It may go higher, of course, but the conservative course to pursue would be to wait for the reactions. To show what has been the rise in stock prices since the middle of April last year we will enumerate some of the leading issues, giving current prices with those of a year ago. Canadian has risen from 154 to 177, Sault Ste. Marie from 111 to 137 ex-rights, the latter being worth 7 1-2 per cent.; Toronto Railway from 99 to 124, Twin City from 86 to 104 3-4, Sao Paulo from 130 to 155, Winnipeg Electric from 142 to 168, Mackay common from 60 to 77, Rio de Janeiro from 34 1-2 to 99, Mexican Power from 48 to 77, Bell Telephone from 130 to 145, Consumers Gas from 193 to 206, Niagara Navigation from 112 to 132, and Richelieu & Ontario from 75 to 83. There are probably good reasons for the advance of $16 a share in Dominion Steel common from 18 to 34, but the gain of over $17 a share in Dominion Coal from 50 to 67 1-4 is not so clear.

⁂

Bank Shares.

Bank shares, while not averaging such a large gain in twelve months, still show up very favorably. They have been very dull of late. These shares have undoubtedly great merit and prices no doubt would have risen much higher had Mr. Ryan's criticisms on our Canadian banking system been more widely diffused. These institutions, to use a common term, have a cinch, deriving great profits for their untaxed note circulation,

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Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Rest 5,000,000.00

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HOME-MADE
BREAD

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Bredin's Home-made loaf is used by people who want only bread that is good and wholesome. A beautifully baked, delicately browned loaf of first quality — one trial will prove to you that it is invaluable for your daily table use.

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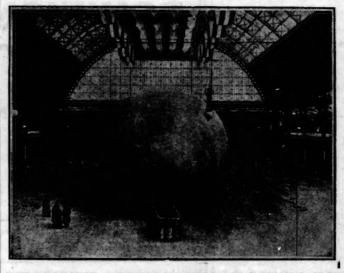
and through screwing down the interest due depositors by calculating the semi-annual return on the minimum balance in every half year. The other recent bull point on bank stocks that has also fallen flat is the suggestion by interested parties that the double-liability of shareholders should be dispensed with. The appreciation in prices, however, within twelve months is not bad, considering the smaller profits, as the managers themselves say, in consequence of the cheapness of money. Imperial has advanced from 210 to 228, Dominion from 221 to 240, Hamilton from 188 to 202, Commerce from 160 to 175, Toronto from 202 to 220, Montreal from 235 to 248, Ottawa from 200 to 215, Standard from 215 to 227, and Traders from 124 to 136.

***

Loaded With Cobalts.

The stock brokers of Montreal are said to have done an unusually active business the past three months. Commissions were numerous and profits large. From what we hear, the same cannot be said of Toronto brokers. One reason given is that many of our local men have had their means tied up in Cobalts. Some usually active operators have been compelled to sit tight on their mining properties, and have had to forego the pleasure of indulging in quick turns. They were loaded down just a little too much with the dollar a share issues. For all this, business on the Toronto Stock Exchange was not so bad the first quarter of the year. There has been a good deal of investment buying, but as yet the speculative public have not done much. The suspension on Tuesday of Ennis & Stoppani, members of the Consolidated Exchange in New York, caused a ripple of excitement here. This firm have had an office in Toronto for a number of years, and did quite a good trade in broken lots of Wall street stocks. Many of their former clients are now mourning the loss of margins as well as paper profits. This firm were either large speculators or indulged in the bucket-shop game. They failed on a bull market. It is well known that but a very small number of dealers go "short." The firm claim they lost in the Chicago wheat market, which has been rampantly bullish for several months. The general inference is that they bucked the deals. That is they did not put through their buying orders in wheat, but took the chances. The manager here was not to blame. He sent the orders along to his principals, and it was up to them to make good, but they failed. We might have omitted any reference to this failure had it not been common talk that several members of the Toronto Stock Exchange got nipped. It served them right, was the general opinion in stock circles. The deals were placed with the busted firm because the interest charged on American stocks was about 1 per cent. less than the members of the New York Stock Exchange houses charged. The Toronto Stock Exchange members who had placed their deals with the suspended house will now have to make their clients' deals good, and the one per cent. they thought they were saving by going to an irregular house will be another reminder of the vagaries of speculation. This is not the first lesson for some of these wise local brokers.



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Meeting and Parting.

WHEN good friends meet
Let the meeting be full merry,
Hands be clasped and eyes be bright,
Brimming with the glad heart's light;
Friend to friend's a pleasant sight!
Of your welcomes be not chary
When good friends meet.

When good friends part,
Try to make the parting cheery.
Bid godspeed and wish them well,
On past hours of pleasure dwell,
But your grieving never tell,
Though the old world's dull and weary,
When good friends part.

LESTER RYAN.

The Personal Relations of Roosevelt and Taft.

SOME American newspapers would have us believe that ex-President Roosevelt and President Taft are not as friendly as they once were. This subject is taken up in Current Literature for April. It is pointed out that, aside from the public eulogies written each for the other just before Taft's inauguration, the private relations of the two men were even more intimate than ever. The Tafts were guests of the Roosevelts at the White House on the eve of the inauguration, and on the day of the ceremony, Taft, as he drove to the Capitol with the retiring President, refused to accept any of the acclamations of the crowd as belonging to him. And Roosevelt established a new precedent by leaving the Capitol direct after the inauguration, leaving Taft to share alone the multitude's applause on his return to the White House. To quote from the article in Current Literature:

"The whole story of the personal relations of the two men, so far as it has been made public, is an important chapter of political history, and one of marked human interest.

"It was not known until a few months since that in 1904 Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, sent in a letter of resignation to President Roosevelt. George Griswold Hill has told the story with a circumstantiality that leaves no room for doubt. Mr. Taft had been making a campaign speech in Connecticut in support of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. He had dwelt upon the duty of the American Congress to reduce the duties on Philippine tobacco and sugar, and some of the tobacco-growers in that state were offended. Chairman Cortelyou heard of it, and suggested in a note to the President that it might be as well for Mr. Taft to defer discussion of the Philippine tariff until after the election. The President scribbled across the corner of the note the words, 'Respectfully referred to the Secretary of War,' and sent it by a messenger. Taft received it, and, straightway denying himself to all visitors, proceeded to indite a letter of resignation. It was laboriously penned in his own handwriting, and then copied in the same way. He asserted this unwillingness to jeopardize in any way Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, but also asserted his unswerving loyalty to the Philippines, and his inability to cease the advocacy of a decrease in the duties on Philippine products. Therefore he felt compelled to sever his connection with the Roosevelt cabinet

"President Roosevelt took just two minutes to dispose of this letter of resignation. It was returned to Mr. Taft with these words inscribed across the corner:

"'Dear Bill—Fiddledeedee.—T. R.'

That ended the incident, in which the two men came perhaps nearer than ever before or since to something like a rupture."

Black Spotted Him.

ON an occasion some time since, just after Inspector, then Detective Black, had returned from a long but successful chase of a defaulting banker, he was seated in an uptown club discussing the case with a banker. Another member of the club was passing in, when the banker motioned him over and introduced him to Black. The newcomer sat down and evinced some curiosity as to how the detective worked.

"Can you keep a face in your mind, that you see only once?" asked the clubman, with all the doubt that a man of the world might display. Detective Black, who is a most modest man, replied that he kept some faces in his mind.

"Well," said the other, "I'll bet you that if you see me six months from now that you will pass me without recognition."

"Quite possible," said the detective, with a genial smile, and the clubman walked away.

One day some seven months after this conversation the clubman climbed on the rear platform of a street car, and was about to enter the door, when he felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning with surprise, he beheld Black smiling at him:

"Hello, Brown; you thought I wouldn't know you again. How are you?" said the detective.

The clubman now reads mystery and detective stories with an added interest.

A curious example of the errors of history has just been reported from Paris, and is being commented upon by the English newspapers. For more than a century a house of the Quai Conti has borne a tablet with this inscription: "Historic Memorial. In 1783 the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, officer of artillery, on leaving the School of Brienne, lived at this house in the fifth story." Then follows the explanation that the tablet was placed in position by Napoleon III. on October 14, 1858. Now, after all these years, it has been found that Napoleon never lived in the house, and the tablet has been removed.

In the Italian review Diritti delle Scuola a writer has compiled a remarkable statistical table showing that most of the celebrated architects of modern times have either died violent or accidental deaths or lost their reason. The Italian architect Mengoni, who built the Victor Emmanuel Gallery at Milan, was killed by falling from the central cupola. Piatti, who built the Mont Cenis tunnel, became mad. The Frenchman Sommeiller, who built the Arc de l'Etoile in Paris, committed suicide, and the two architects of the Vienna Court Theatre met the same fate. Brunel, who built the tunnel under the Thames, accidentally swallowed a penny and died of suffocation. And so runs the list to a considerable length. The writer, by the way, has omitted the notorious Stanford White tragedy.

An "Old Countryman's" idea of distance in travel, as measured in his homeland, is always amusing to Canadians—especially, of course, to Westerners. For example, read the beginning of an article by T. P. O'Connor in T. P.'s Weekly: "I had been anxious to pay a trip to Cornwall for many years; it was almost the only county in England I had never seen, and I had been told so much of its beauties that I felt it was something like a cause for self-reproach. The chief reason, apart from want of time, which kept me away from Cornwall was my idea of its inaccessibility. I thought of it as a journey of some twelve to fifteen hours, and as I do not love long railway journeys I put the trip off and off, until, in the end, I began to think that I would never see Cornwall."

The average age of the Taft Cabinet is fifty-seven years, which is about two years more venerable on the average than the Roosevelt Cabinet.

GEORGE H. LOCKE

Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, who delivered an address on "The Public Library as an Educational Institution," before the Toronto Canadian Club this week.

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"Special Liqueur"
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Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.
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is brewed after the true formula. It is the original "Light Beer in the Light Bottle," brewed only from pure barley, malt, choicest hops and filtered water—filtered after it is brewed and pasteurized after it is bottled.

Look Out For Substitutes
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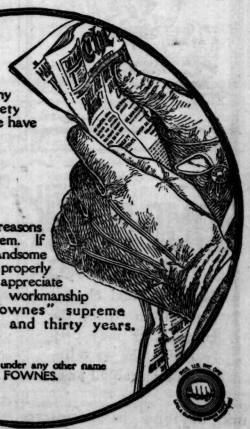

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, April 13, 1909.

EASTER Sunday held an eager and a nipping air that even the floods of sunshine could not loose. In every respect but the chill, however, the day was an ideal spring one and the annual Fifth Avenue parade held much of its traditional splendor. Winter coats, even furs, were donned in preference to the more diaphonous spring gown, but the chill held no terror for hats. These were out in all their glory, their wearers gayly ignoring their incongruity with semi-wintry foundations. Besides, this spring, "the hat's the thing," if hats it can be called. Some of the creations in evidence—inverted office baskets banked with violets or trellised with roses, for instance—would seem to bear more relation to landscape gardening than to millinery.

Churches, of course, were profusely decorated, while alluring hints of special music, and headline texts appropriate to the occasion, showed the keenness of competition among the schismatics.

* * *

PARLIAMENTARY decorum on both sides of the line seems to have had a rude set-back within the past week. Following the lead of your House of Commons, the predicted defeat of Governor Hughes's two pet measures, the Direct Nominations bill and the bill to place telegraph and telephone companies under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission, was accomplished this week amid scenes of wild disorder precipitated by a debate as acrimonious and bitter as any in the annals of the State Legislature. "Coward," "liar," "blackguard," and "legalized blackmailer," were some of the unparliamentary epithets bandied about, while the Speaker's gavel pounded impotently for order. The significance of the simultaneous defeat, by practically the same vote, of two measures in no wise related, will not be overlooked by the initiated. It was not overlooked in the legislature, and charges of improper influences were freely entered. The telephone interests in brief, made the defeat of the telephone bill a condition of their support in killing off the Direct Nominations bill, in which the politicians were interested so deeply.

Meanwhile the Governor will no doubt continue his meditations with Epictetus in the quiet of the midnight hour, undisturbed. The measure of popular support in the past, he knows, has been the measure of political opposition, and the present should prove no exception.

* * *

THE wave of prohibition (if the metaphor is not too mixed) which has been sweeping over the States, met its most serious reverse on Long Island this week, when the "wets" not only carried their own constituencies, but captured townships that were thought permanently "dry." Out of twelve townships eleven voted for unrestricted licenses and the twelfth approved the selling of liquors by hotels and drug stores. Oyster Bay, the former summer capital, gave the "wets" one of their largest majorities. The temperance people put up a vigorous campaign for weeks and on the day of battle practically every church was thrown open for prayer. Church bells, too, tolled in solemn warning at regular intervals all day long, but voters heeded not. One clergyman, an episcopal pastor of one of the towns, came out openly for license, and him the "drys" pay the high compliment of contributing largely to their defeat. Just in which constituency, the heavenly or the earthly, his influence was so successfully exerted they do not specify. The inferences, however, are strongly against the former.

* * *

FROM their cabled impressions, it would seem that the French correspondents who met Mr. Roosevelt at Naples succeeded in "drawing" the ex-president out of his accustomed reserve into a candor of speech that both amused and astonished them. Roosevelt, against his native background of America, has never failed of interest, but against the background of the old world we realize what a really astonishing figure he would cut. "When the Caesar of modern democracy goes hunting," we read, "Europe, Asia, Africa and America, climb to their windows to see the caravan pass." All accounts agree that Mr. Roosevelt is a rampant ego hugely interested in himself. He talks freely, but principally about himself and his work, they say, and manifested a distinct tendency to "preach." Imagine the effect of this on a French newspaper correspondent: "I have always maintained that probity in private life is indispensable to public life." Or this: "Journalism should not be content to sell what the public wants to buy. It should raise and not lower the public taste." Elsewhere he is quoted as saying: "I have fought the oil kings and the steel emperors. They tried to break my back, but my back is still intact." Of his army and navy programme he says proudly: "By preparing for war, I was able to calm the impetuosity of young America against Japan." The limit of modesty, however, was reached in this: "The machinery of state will now roll on without me but with the impetus I have given Mr. Taft, my good successor, will build the Panama Canal, continue to increase the army and navy, and check the trusts if they again become obstreporous."

One of the correspondents concludes with this caustic observation: "Mr. Roosevelt is impatient to reach the hunting grounds. He said no word of the beauties of Naples or of the art treasures to be seen there. He understands nothing of these gateways to an ancient civilization, of these eternal constellations in the sky of history. Emperor William displayed nobler breeding when he asked to be left alone before a marble bust which affirmed the eternity of beauty."

* * *

THERE will be a number of changes in theatrical offerings this week, incident to the close of the Lenten season. None of the changes, however, seems of commanding importance, managers seemingly preferring not to venture any more of their bigger enterprises in this admittedly dull season.

A comedy by Clyde Fitch called: "The Happy Marriage" will replace Mr. Collier's successful piece, "The Patriot," at the Garrick. "The House Next Door," a comedy by J. Hartley Manners, will follow Mr. James Forbes's excellent and highly popular comedy, "The Travelling Salesman," at the Gaiety. A third comedy, "Going Some," by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach, will replace Miss Bates in "The Fighting Hope," which now goes on tour. In addition to these two musical comedies are promised: "The Beauty Spot," by DeKoven and Herbert, and a revival of "The Mascot," which enjoyed a great vogue about thirty years ago.

J. E. W.

The Soul of the Saskatchewan.

THE life blood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile,
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street;
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin red file,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot where but lately it salaamed,
The sentinel may slumber and the mob possess the street;
Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy Nile be dammed,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains—a grain of wheat.

Let nation banter nation with its battle flag unfurled,
The state may stand secure a space behind a frowning fleet,
God's sunshine on Saskatchewan, whose fields shall feed the world,
For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a golden grain of wheat.

—Cy Warman, in Canada-West.

Prof. Boni has undertaken an archæological and geographical mission in Egypt under the auspices of the British Ambassador at Rome, Sir Rennell Rodd. It will have special importance as it is connected with Prof. Boni's latest discovery of a house in the Forum bearing traces of Dionysian rites which until now were supposed to have been suppressed in Rome after the year 185 B.C., by the decree "De Bacchanalibus." This discovery in the Forum has been characterized by the immense quantity of pottery unearthed. The pottery consists of domestic utensils, lamps, artistic objects and fragments of glass and furniture of decidedly Egyptian manufacture. So far no explanation has been found for the existence of such a quantity of Egyptian pottery in a house probably owned by a prominent Roman family and used for rites of the cult of Bacchus. The orgiastic worship of Dionysius (so The New York Sun reminds us) is supposed to have been introduced into Italy from Thrace through Greece and Sicily, but some writers derive it from Egypt, and the discovery of Egyptian pottery found in the Roman house seems to corroborate the latter opinion.

London fogs have world-wide reputation. It is but fair, therefore, to credit them with any circumstance to their advantage. At the beginning of last century, owing to the pea-soup atmosphere which even then obtained, the robberies of messengers with cash became so frequent that business men in self-defence had to devise a remedy. They invented the bank check, which did away with the necessity of carrying sums of money on the person, and thus put a stop to the perquisites of snatch-thieves.

There are always encouraging things to be said if one knows where to find them; as when a milliner, quoted in the Philadelphia Bulletin, observes: Everybody is better looking than the mirror makes him. The mirror robs us of our expression and of our coloring, and expression and color are to the face's beauty what the legs are to the figure.

Justice and the Press in Tennessee.

Hohenwald, Tenn., April 4, 1909.

Editor Saturday Night: Your interesting paper is a doubly welcome visitor to a Canadian "Hill Billy" expatriated in this sunny land. I noticed in a recent article your jealous guardianship of the liberty of the press. In it you criticized an attorney in a Nashville murder trial for arguing that galling editorials might be a sufficiently provoking cause for a "killing." In justice even to this state, it should be mentioned that the presiding judge ruled and charged that no editorial article should be deemed a sufficient inciting cause to justify a murder. Know ye that local public opinion is the highest legal tribunal in this land, by which with properly adjusted fire arms, disputes are settled quickly, simply, cheaply, and to the apparent satisfaction of the people.

The fact that a brilliant attorney used the argument referred to looked like an appreciation of the power of the press in moulding public sentiment, and magnified it into an appeal in defence of his clients accordingly. This particular murder—the outcome of a race between two candidates of the same party for Governor—began with public discussions, continued in the press, and resulted in the loss of a man of national calibre, a 20 years' sentence for murder, a division in homes, churches, parties and the people generally, in a manner unknown since the war. This state is free almost as nature left it. Rural free delivery places the press in every cabin home, but to indulge in personalities either with venomous tongue or pen-dipped in gall is an extremely unhealthy pastime.

EXILE.

ADMIRAL ALFRED VON TIRPITZ, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE IMPERIAL GERMAN NAVY.

Admiral von Tirpitz, the pioneer and creator of German sea-power, is sixty years old. When, at sixteen, he became a naval cadet, the Prussian Navy consisted of a small collection of frigates, and its marvellous development has been mainly due to his activity. Winning rapid promotion, in 1891 he was made Chief of Staff at Kiel, where he founded and organized the torpedo service. He also brought about administrative reforms in the German Admiralty, and in 1898 became State Secretary of that department.

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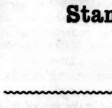

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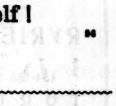

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c. 2½ yards by 2 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half-doz. (To measure 33c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's, from 50c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to $6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

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Percentage of the constituents digested:

	Organic Matter	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	93.4	3.733
White Bread	93.1	2.463
Entire Wheat Bread	94.8	2.256
Graham Bread	92.5	2.296

According to his determination, Orange Meat, is 50 per cent. more valuable as a food than bread.

To persistent users of **Orange Meat** a large reward is offered. A private postcard in every package of **Orange Meat** gives details of how to get a cash prize of Seven Hundred Dollars, or a life annuity of Fifty-two Dollars.

If you enter this contest, send post card to Orange Meat, Kingston, giving full name and address, and mention the paper in which you saw this advertisement.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. JULIUS MILES announces the engagement of her second daughter, Eva Constance, and Mr. D. Keithock Edgar, Royal Engineers, India, son of the late Sir James Edgar, K.C.M.G.

The annual meeting and luncheon of the Alumnae Association of University College took place on Wednesday in Queen's Hall, 7 Queen's Park.

Mr. Sherwood Reid of the Traders Bank, St. Catharines, and Mr. Harold Thorne, also of St. Catharines, came to Toronto to spend Easter with their people.

Mrs. John Macdonald, nee Alcorn, widow of the late Senator John Macdonald, of Oaklands, Davenport Hill, died on Tuesday morning of an attack of grippe, which developed seriously a few hours before her decease. For some time Oaklands has been tenanted by Miss McCormack, and Mrs. Macdonald occupied a residence in Balmoral avenue whence the funeral took place on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Macdonald was mother of a large family, six of whom were at her deathbed, Messrs. John K., J. Fraser, A. A., and Duncan Macdonald, Mrs. Montgomerie Lewis, and Mrs. J. K. Grant. The deceased lady was always active in good works, and up to her death at the age of seventy-six retained her health and mental vigor in a surprising degree.

Mrs. and the Misses Rolland Hills are at the Welland, St. Catharines.

A feature of the Monday meeting of the Toronto Travel Club was the reading by its authoress of the first prize essay on the question "Shall Canada have a Navy?" Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, who won the $400 prize, is a member of this Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnson will spend the summer at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The smartest marriage of Easter week was celebrated in St. George's Church on Wednesday at 2.30 when Miss Frances Marjorie Arnoldi, second daughter of Mr. Frank Arnoldi, and Mr. Erskine Douglas Warren were wedded. Canon Cayley officiated and the surpliced choir and organist rendered the music. The altar was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and white carnations in graduated brass vases, on which the brilliant lights shone clearly, also throwing into clear view the beautiful Easter hangings of white and gold edged with green. The choir took their places, the bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Norman Gzowski, and the ushers lined up before the chancel steps, all, with the hundreds of guests awaiting the bride's procession which was led by four charming little girls in white embroidered frocks, blue bonnets with pink rosebuds, blue shoes, and carrying graceful baskets full of pink roses. These fairy attendants were the Misses McIver, cousins of the bride, Miss Frances Warren, sister of the groom, and tiny Miss Alice Martens. The bridegroom gave each a pearl brooch. The maid of honor, Miss Joan Arnoldi immediately preceded the bride looking very handsome and graceful in a white satin trained Directoire gown, touched with gold, and a cloud of dark rose chiffon forming a coat with long floating sleeves. She carried a sheaf of Beauty roses, and her black hat was in picture shape, with huge full blown roses resting on the wide brim. Mr. Arnoldi brought in his daughter, who was an ideal bride, in an Empire gown of rich white satin with side panels of fine lace and true lover-knots appliqued on the satin, made of triplaited white satin, the same soft rope being used to outline the square guimpe which with the sleeves was of fine tucked net, a very lovely bit of point lace forming a bertha. The wide wreath of orange blossoms held a floating veil of tulle and the bridal boquet was a shower of lily of the valley. After the marriage a large reception was held at Mr. Arnoldi's home in North street, and Mrs. Arnoldi received at the entrance to the drawing room, wearing a soft silvery grey satin gown with grey lace and trimmings and a grey plumed toque with dull pink roses. Her boquet was of lily of the valley. Mrs. Warren, mother of the groom wore a beautiful ivory lace gown over cream satin, a large black plumed hat, and carried a cluster of pink sweet peas edged with lily of the valley. Miss Crean, aunt of the groom wore a perfect little gown of finest white cloth and a round boquet of white rosebuds and ferns. Miss Patti Warren, who revels in picturesque clothes, and is a gypsy beauty, wore a rose satin cloth Directoire embroidered in the same shade, and a rose hat with pale blue plumes, and long streamers of wide velvet ribbon. The ushers were Mr. Errol Arnoldi, R.M.C., who wore his uniform, Mr. Fauquier Arnoldi, Mr. Harry Walker, Mr. Vansittart and Mr. S. Holcroft. A huge marquee was erected in the garden for the dejeuner and a long buffet decorated with Easter lilies and pink carnations was loaded with good things. The bride's health was proposed by Canon Cayley, and drunk in sparkling wine, with hearty cheers. Mr. and Mrs. Warren left on their wedding trip by the five o'clock train, and one of the most charming sights was the stairway as the bride came down. It was lined with pretty girls, some of the very prettiest in Toronto, who gave the bride hand clasps and loving farewells instead of the pitiless pelting so often in vogue. There was confetti, and a weird placard on the carriage, and cheers and laughter as the last glimpse of the stalwart groom and the slight girlish bride in her dark blue suit and flower wreathed straw hat was vouchsafed to the merry crowd. The gifts were arranged in a large room and on the landing and included some lovely silver, a tray and tea service from the groom's parents, some fine jewelry from the bride's family and all sorts of valuable and artistic things from her hosts of friends. Among the guests were Mrs. Edward Fauquier from Ottawa, who looked very handsome in a pale mauve Russian net robe over satin and a white hat with immense plumes, Miss Melvin-Jones in mauve, with picture hat, Rev. Crawford Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Adele Harman, Miss Merritt, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mr. Columbus Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Miss Harriette Ireland, Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Miss Gordon, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Riddle, Mrs. E. F. B. and Miss Johnston, Mrs G. P. and Miss Hilda Reid, Mrs. Robert Darling, Miss Clarkson Jones, Dr. Newbold Jones, Mrs. and Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, of Lanmar, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. Palmer, of Huntley Lodge, Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mr. Yarker, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. and Miss Spragge, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Gzowski, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Lucy McLean Howard, Miss Hodgins, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Bertha Jarvis, Mrs Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne, Miss Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Fiskin, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Strathy, Miss Muriel Strathy, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mr. Howard Harris, Miss Charlotte Gooderham, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Mr. Louis Gibson, Miss Birdie Warren, the Misses Dupont, and a great many others. On their return from their honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Warren will occupy the Arnoldi residence in North street, while the family spend the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Colonel and Mrs. Maclean and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie are at Atlantic City. Mrs. Christie, sr., is so far rallied from her recent illness as to be able to take the air in a motor car, but she will, it is feared, never be herself again.

Miss Brouse gave a tea on Tuesday to which she asked a small coterie to meet Mrs. Innes-Taylor, whose very attractive personality charmed everyone.

Mr. Lee and Miss Lillian Lee will join Mr. and Mrs. Christie at Atlantic City shortly.

General and Mrs. Otter have arrived from Ottawa and have taken Professor Lang's flat in the Alexandra.

Mrs. W. L. Lee and her son, Arthur, are sailing for England next week.

Mrs. Kemp, of Castle Frank, gave a bridge on Tuesday afternoon at which seven tables were arranged in the drawing-room and wide corridor of her beautiful home. Miss Kemp presided at the tea table after the prizes were awarded.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir gave a dinner of fourteen covers on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick are now settled in their new home, the residence formerly occupied by the late Sheriff Widdifield, and Mrs. Warwick was to receive for the first time yesterday.

Mrs W. Molson Macpherson was in town for a short visit this week, and was the guest of Mrs. Sweny at Rohallion.

After the Warren-Arnoldi wedding, the bridal party attended the play at the Alexandra.

The marriage of Miss Dora Elizabeth Benson, daughter of Rev. Manley Benson, D.D., and grand-daughter of the late Hon Judge McCrae, and Dr. William Arthur Meighen, of Perth, took place on Easter Monday at half-past four o'clock, in the Welland avenue Methodist church, St. Catharines. Dr. Benson, assisted by Rev. Dr. Tovell, of Hamilton, performed the ceremony. The bride wore white French broadcloth, *en princesse*, with white and gold braiding, baby Irish lace and touches of burnt orange, a white and gold hat with white plumes. The boquet was of lilies and roses. Miss Emily Mohr, of Ottawa, maid of honor, wore orange marquisette, semi-Empire, and trimmed with marguerites, and a large black tulle hat touched with orange. The sisters of the bride and groom, Miss Julia Benson and Miss Isabel Meighen, were in white marquisette with gold berthas, white hats faced with gold, and ties of tulle. All three carried yellow roses. Mr. J. W. Meighen was his brother's best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harold Dufferin Jones, of Toronto, and Mr. J. Edward Parker, of Montreal. Mr. M. Starr Benson, of Toronto, gave his sister away. There were guests at this wedding from New York, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Buffalo, Hamilton, Cobalt, Pittsburg, and Sault Ste. Marie, and those from Toronto were Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Clemes, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Best, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Eagen, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. James R Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bull, Mrs. Irving Walker, Miss Leila Boake, Miss Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bradshaw, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Coatsworth, Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Woodland.

Dr Riordan and Mr. Fitzhugh returned from Texas this week, where they left Mrs. and Miss Fitzhugh with Mr. Earl Fitzhugh, whose residence there has happily been of benefit to his health.

Dr. Playfair McMurrich attended the Worcester Institute annual dinner last Saturday in Philadelphia. He is one of the Governors of the Worcester Institute of Medical Research.

The following Torontonians have recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines: Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Major and Miss McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Wright, Mr. F. Wright, Mr. Frank Darling, Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. and Miss Ogden, Mrs. Ambery, Mr. R. Bongard, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Dr. and Mrs. Rudolf, Dr. and Mrs. Harley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. Boomer, the Misses Edgar, Miss Thompson, Mr and Mrs. H. Langlois, Mr. E Staunton, Mr. F. Lucas, Mrs. Baynes-Reed, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Shaw, Miss Gordon, Mr. E. H. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn, Major Lang, Major J. F. Macdonald.

Mrs. T. M. McIntyre is at 59 Sussex avenue since her return from a visit to her son, Dr. Reginald McIntyre, in New York.

Mr. Edmund Morris' Indian Exhibit closes to-day. Mr. Horatio Walker, N.A., and Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, N.A., came up from New York to see it, and Mr. Proctor was the guest of Mr. Morris at his home, "Eldersie," Jarvis street.

Mrs. Bruce Riordan has a small girl-friend from Montreal with her on a visit, and on Wednesday she asked a few little girls to have tea with her. Among them was Miss Ruth Smith, daughter of Mr. R. A. Smith, who played very nicely some pretty piano selections.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

DURING the past week the press of the English-speaking world, which did so little during the lifetime of Algernon Charles Swinburne to make his work known and appreciated, has been placing laurels on his grave. Swinburne died at his home, The Pines, at Putney, last Saturday, at the age of seventy-two. He was, in popular newspaper phrasing, the last leaf on the tree that bore the great Victorian poets. But his work was never widely popular like that of Tennyson's or of others of his contemporaries. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, Swinburne years ago shocked both the Puritanism and the patriotism of the British public. In the second place, his work was without a gripping human appeal; he was a poet's poet. Veiled references have been made to the "license" of some of his earlier poems. Of these the one that offended most was "Dolores, Our Lady of Seven Sorrows," the three most significant stanzas of which are these:

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody
Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
They hurt not the heart or the brain.
O bitter and tender Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
Our love into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
Make barren our lives.

We shall know what the darkness discovers,
If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,
We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,
Find out whether tares be not grain,
And the joys of thee seventy times seven
Our Lady of Pain.

That Swinburne should have been so fiercely attacked for producing these lines causes one to wonder what would have happened to some of our modern writers had they lived in the last century. But it was his expression of republican sentiments that earned for him enemies in high places. Queen Victoria herself, it is said, had about as much love for him as Colonel G. T. Denison, of Toronto, had for Canadian annexationists of a generation ago. So when Tennyson died, the post of laureate went to the wooden but orthodox Austin. The English press did not give Swinburne his due, and people on this continent learned too little of him. But these handicaps were not enough of themselves to prevent general recognition of a great master of any art. In 1866 Swinburne's name was known far and wide among those really interested in poetry, but his fame has waned. It must be admitted, therefore, that while his metrical technique is perhaps matchless, his poetry addresses itself to an aristocracy of readers and does not with any real power "communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

But what art is his! As a maker of music with words he is, perhaps, unequalled by any poet of any time. "Atalanta in Calydon" is a delight forever. A haunting melody, to be found nowhere else, runs through all his lyrics. Indeed, the astonishing powers of diction of this supreme metrical artist bid fair to continue to be the wonder of poets and critics the world over. These lines on "Soul and Body" may be selected as typical of his best work:

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be

ANDREW LANG
The great British literary critic, whose latest work, "The Maid of France," recently issued, is highly spoken of.

In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
With his lips he travalleth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

* * *

A very large number of readers will sincerely regret the death of F. Marion Crawford, the sterling novelist. Crawford was born in Italy in 1854, and was educated partly in America and partly in England. Since 1883 he has made his home in the land of his birth, which he loved, and of which he wrote much and charmingly. His novels are marked by an admirable sincerity and love of truth and honor; and they have not only interested many thousands of people, but have exerted a wholesome influence in a broad field.

* * *

It is doubtful if Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton ever wrote anything so simply, entirely delightful as the little story entitled "The Biography of a Silver Fox," which is his latest work. The animals do not talk in this story, and one feels that not even ex-President Roosevelt would call it pure nature-faking. For, although the life of the Silver Fox is an idealized one, no mind, however unimaginative, could fail to read the human lessons it is meant to teach, and they are beautiful. Indeed, by this finely conceived, finely written tale we see that the nature-story mine exploited by a certain coterie of writers contains not only a mass of flashing but valueless literary metal, but some pure gold as well.

Domino is the name of the hero—a silver fox. And Mr. Seton explains that silver foxes are not a distinct breed. Domino's parents were common red foxes, but he developed the wonderful silver-tipped black coat, which marked him as a patrician born of plebeianism—something of human significance. Domino lives his life of work and pleasure, temptation and danger, and his career is well worth study and some degree of emulation by every human who reads his story. For example, let us consider his marriage, happy through faithfulness:

"For ages the beasts have been groping for an ideal form of marriage. All the schemes of human reverts they have tried, and all found wanting but one. The only plan that has satisfied the highest requirements is pure monogamy. This is the wed-law of all the highest kinds. The love-fever passes, but another bond remains. The love-fire of the Foxes had paled with the Hunger-moon, but a more abiding sense had supervened, even as the sunset red on the hills may seem more generous fire than the soft red of the granite; but one is there a splendid moment, the other forever and evermore. Love and friendship men call them; and though the flickering red light blazed so bright at times, it was the pale rock that gave its color to their lives. Domino and Snowyruff were not only mates, but were friends for life. . . . ."

And Domino was wise. Once was he tempted by the sensuous odors placed upon a trap, and caught. But he escaped, and the painful experience kept him from temptation ever after. And so throughout a pleasant story there runs a fine philosophy.

The book is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, and is finely decorated, containing over one hundred drawings by the author.

* * *

Some truly remarkable sentences in a little chat on this page last week about G. K. Chesterton should not be taken to mean that the writer of this page was seeking for the moment to rival that gentleman in the matter of literary gymnastics. Nor were such terms as "visible wit" intended to hold any subtle meaning. They were simply typographical errors.

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Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a cook and a chef? Tommy's Pop—About $20 a week, my son.—Philadelphia Record.

Attention is directed to the announcement in another column of Mrs. M. Opplere, who is conducting a tour to Europe, leaving 14th of May, for the principal capitals of the Old World. Mrs. Opplere is an educated French lady, speaking four languages fluently; thoroughly experienced in European travel. All information as to this select may be obtained by writing to or calling on Mrs. Opplere, 98 St. Patrick street, Toronto.

The special Easter music at the Church of the Holy Trinity will be repeated on Sunday evening. The choir will be assisted by an orchestra. Mr. Paul Hahn will play a 'cello solo during the offertory.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE daffodil luncheons opened on Tuesday in St. James schoolhouse with most gratifying success, about three hundred well-pleased patrons being daintily served with the nicest of fare. Mrs. Driffield was convener this year, and Mrs. Barnard (*nee* Coldham) head waitress. Mrs. Northcote, Miss Aileen Cooderham, and the usual clever coterie attended to the serving and carving rooms, in the latter of which several good friends, of the sterner sex, did nobly. The tables with their spotless napery, boquets of daffodils, excellent eatables and pretty waitresses, were all filled again and again. It is quite the fashion to make up family parties for these luncheons, wherein whole circles, from parents to grandchildren, are included. The waitresses are the cream of the Anglican unmarried set in high society, and each year the luncheons are more like great gatherngs of old friends than public functions, where anyone with a quarter is able to partake. A few of those at luncheon on Tuesday were Rev. Canon and Mrs. Welch, Rev. Laurence and Mrs Skey, Mrs. Folingsby, who had a party of six; Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell, Mrs. Percy Scholfield, Mr. Bruce Harman, Mr. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, Colonel Clarence Denison, Mrs. Owen Parry, Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop, Mrs. Nixon, Miss Kay, Mrs. Colin Gordon, Miss Kathleen Gordon, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Henri Suydam, Mr. Jack Mackellar, Dr. Grasett, Colonel Grasett, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs Hall Osler, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. McAll, Mrs. Adam Wright Mr. and Miss Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, and scores of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch have removed from Charles street to the north suburb, and have a beautiful home now in Crescent road, No. 129.

The engagement of Miss Mary Wendell Balfour, second daughter of the late Hon. W. D. Balfour, and Mr. N. H. G. Ruthven, only son of Mr. G. F. S. Ruthven, 163 Huron street, is announced. Their marriage is arranged to take place in June. Miss "Mollie" Balfour is a sweet and popular girl, and good wishes are hers from hosts of friends.

Mr. Arthur George is spending a few weeks in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Carrique, 243 Wellesley street, recently entertained some thirty young friends of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Carrique, at a progressive euchre party and informal dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce and their two young sons are down from St. Thomas, on a visit to Mrs. Bruce's sister, Miss Lamport, in Jarvis street. Mr. Bruce has been suffering from rheumatism and was going to St. Catharines for a while, where the mineral baths are so good.

Sir Glenholme Falconbridge has returned from a second sojourn at the Welland, St. Catharines, where he was much benefited by the baths and treatment, and is now almost rid of his troublesome sciatica.

Mr. Allen Cassels succumbed to the lingering complaint which has kept him so long an invalid, on Monday, at his home in Wellesley place. The sympathy of a large family connection and hosts of friends is with his wife and daughter in their bereavement.

Mr. Robert Dunbar, of Ottawa, was in town for a flying visit this week, and spent the day with Mrs. Harry Duggan, who has just returned from a very pleasant visit at Earnscliff, Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup spent the Easter holiday in Toronto. On Easterday, Mrs. George Capron Brooke had a few relatives for tea to meet the Ottawa visitors.

The motor fiend who still prefers the asphalt to the country road, sees many changes going on around Toronto, hundreds of new houses, some grand new churches, and last year's goose-pastures, now veritable shack towns, while vacant lots are crowded with pretty homes, span new, and only now and then untenanted. He also sees the joy and sorrow of life, here the red carpet and the striped awning of the bride's home, there the sombre coach, the piled up flowers, and the slow moving cortege of the lately dead. The city of the dead up Yonge street is looking very fair and peaceful in the early warm sunlight. The quiet funerals are passing forever in at the wide gates, and there are many new heaped mounds of earth covered with drying wreaths and sprays of the loveliest tributes money can buy. On Monday, the graves of those whose loss is still newly felt, were brave with Easter lilies, and many a quiet pilgrim well known in the gay world carried armfuls of the pure petaled flowers to lay over the quiet sleeping form of some loved one, whose death has wrung the hearts of near and unforgetting survivors.

Mrs. George Bosworth is visiting friends in Park road.

Dr. Doolittle returned to town for Easter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lilian Ross Pringle, youngest daughter of Mrs. James Pringle, and Mr. Henry Edgar Brasier. The marriage will take place in June.

The marriage of Miss Amy Gertrude Sterling, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter Sterling, 206 Carlton street, and Hon. Senator George A. Cox, took place at the home of the bride's father on Wednesday, April 14, in the presence of the families of the bride and groom only, Rev. George Jackson, of Sherbourne street Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Professor Wallace, of Victoria University, officiating. The bride was given away by her father, and was unattended. Senator and Mrs. Cox left on the afternoon train for New York, whence they sailed for Europe. On their return they will reside in 439 Sherbourne street.

MRS. R. WILSON REFORD, OF MONTREAL.

The Garrison Amateur Company will present "Caste" (their play entered for the Governor-General's competition on April 24) in the Grand Opera House, Toronto, next Monday evening. The company has Miss Carrie Crerar as one of its members, and will play in Hamilton on Tuesday evening. The Toronto members of the cast are Colonel Septimus Denison, Captain Layburne, Mr. Eric Kortwright, Mr. Harry Walker, Mr. Victor Nordheimer, Miss K. Merritt, and Mrs. Michael Chapman.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Miss Gussie Beatty are in Virginia.

The engagement of Miss Allie McQuade, only daughter of Mrs. McQuade, of 438 Markham street, and Mr. Lynn Bristol Spencer, of Welland, is announced. Their marriage will take place the fifth of May.

Miss Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, gave a small farewell tea to a few of her friends on Tuesday afternoon, and the wretched weather had no power to stop the guests from presenting themselves at such a charming rendezvous. Miss Plummer is leaving next Tuesday for Holland.

A fashionable wedding was solemnized at 2.30 on April 2 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Ball, Victoria avenue, Chatham, when their youngest daughter, Miss Edith Maude Ball, was married to Mr. Grover Thayer, of Toronto. It was a veritable spring blossoming, a wedding in white and green and gold with a profusion of the loveliest Calla lilies, ferns and sweet peas giving the most charming effect throughout the pretty rooms. The ceremony, performed by Rev. Laurence Skey, of Toronto, a cousin of the bride, took place in the drawing-room, the large bay window being banked with palms, ferns and Calla lilies, while boquets of sweet peas were grouped on mantel and tables. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore an Empire gown of white Brussel's net over white satin with applique of fine lace, broad sash of satin charmeuse with deep fringe, veil of exquisite lace over a broad low wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a lovely boquet of lily of the valley and roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Ball, a sister of the bride, and Miss Gladys Coxall, of Toronto. Miss Ball wore pale pink satin, with insertion of cream tinted lace, broad directoire sash of pink satin with large hat of roses Miss Coxall's dress was pale green satin with insertion of cream lace, directoire sash of pale green satin and large hat of roses. Both bridesmaids carried exquisite showers of pink sweet peas. The wee flower girl, Miss Bessie Laurie, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Laurie, and a niece of the bride, was a pretty picture in a dainty French dress of white mull with pink sash and carried a basket of white marguerites. The groomsman was Mr. Schenk, of New York. Mrs. F. D. Laurie played the wedding marches, Lohengrin's as the bridal party entered the drawing-room, and Mendelssohn's after the ceremony. Mrs. John Cooper sang sweetly, "A Loving Wish." The dejeuner was served in the dining-room, the bride's table looking particularly lovely in Calla lilies and dainty ferns and smilax. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer left on the 5.18 train for a wedding trip to eastern points, the bride going away in a tailored gown of navy blue French serge, with becoming tan hat nattily trimmed with black wings, and mink furs. The groom's gift to the bride was a monogramed gold watch with handsome chain, to the bridesmaids pearl brooches, and to the little flower girl a ring set with whole pearls. Among the many very handsome presents were two substantial cheques, one from the bride's father, and one from the groom's father. The out of town guests at the wedding were the groom's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, the latter wearing a very handsome gown of black satin in directoire style, with touches of mauve and white and gold and a dainty bonnet with black and white plumes; Rev. Lawrence Skey, Toronto; Mrs. T. Beverley Smith and Master Beverley Smith, Toronto; Mrs. Steele, Toronto, a sister of the groom, who was very prettily gowned in white crepe de chine; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Toronto, the latter in a very handsome cream serge suit; Mr. Cheffin, Toronto; Mrs. Williams, Buffalo; Miss Muir, Detroit; Miss Jones, Mt. Forest; Mr. and Miss Comptin, London; Mrs. Southam, Buffalo, and Mrs. Herbert S. Loudon, Strathroy.

The marriage of Miss Shirley Emily Scholes, daughter of Mr. J. F. Scholes, and Mr. James Whitney Wilson, son of Colonel Wilson, of Geneva, N.Y., was celebrated in St. Augustine's church, on Monday, at 3 o'clock Rev. Fred G. Plummer officiating. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very nice in a white satin gown with point lace, a tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carrying a shower of orchids and lily of the valley. The Misses Helen and Dorothy Scholes were bridesmaids, and Mr. Philip Micks, of Geneva, was best man. The young couple will make their home in Geneva.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Maitland, eldest daughter of the late James W. Maitland, of Owen Sound, and Mr. J. Irvine Hobson, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hobson, of Hamilton. Their marriage will take place on the twenty-eight of April.

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(Written for Toronto Saturday Night.)

He sat on the sunny side of the barn, but there was darkness in his soul. In spite of the glad season which was Easter Monday and spring, he worked on at the old harness in the apathy of despair. He was getting his outfit ready for the ploughing to follow soon, but the prospect of turning up the moist, rich loam brought him no joy. His spirit was crushed, and he cut and riveted in heavy gloom.

"H' are ye, Jim?"

Jim looked up sullenly at the cheery challenge of a big man, who came strolling around the end of the barn with a straw in his mouth and a conciliating grin. But the little man spake no word. Instead he went right on hammering with a more dispirited air than ever.

The big man—who had very red hair and a general appearance of rustic braggadocio—sat down on an upturned feed-box, and contemplated Jim with amused contempt.

"Not feelin' grouchy about a little thing like what happened last night, are ye?" he finally enquired.

No answer, unless extra attention to the driving in of a rivet might be regarded as such.

"Why, I didn't think the old girl would cut up about such a little thing as that. How the devil was I to know she was so hot in the collar about that 'ere Carman and Jackson business? I was only foolin' when I said they put me in mind of them two cows of old man Dunham, that kept so busy hookin' each other they hadn't no time to chew the cud and never gave a drop of milk, so that they had to be turned into beef at last—and mighty poor beef it was."

Jim laid down his riveting hammer, spat reflectively, and gazed off across the fields in melancholy meditation. But the other thought he saw signs of relenting, and went on talking.

"She certainly went for me," he said with a reminiscent chuckle. "I sure thought she was goin' to larrup me with the first thing came handy. And she called me everything she could lay her tongue to. And, egad, you got yours, too, for she said that you—"

He hesitated as Jim looked up with an air of sullen defiance.

"Well, why don't ye go on?" enquired that worthy in a tone of concentrated sarcasm. "Ye ain't considerin' my feelin's at this late day, are ye?"

"There ain't no reason for ye gettin' rusty about it," said the other in an aggrieved tone. "S'pose she did say ye weren't half a man because ye wouldn't throw me out of your house. What could ye do? Nacherally ye wouldn't be fool enough to try." And big Frank Hall gazed complacently down on his own huge limbs.

Jim looked at them, too, and for a moment a wild desire flamed up in him to put the matter to the test and at least disturb Frank's cool assurance of the folly of even trying. But the inclination passed as quickly as it came. He had always been in physical subjection to the other from their school days, and old habits are not thrown off in a minute. So he limited the expression of his resentment to mere words.

"No, no, of course I wouldn't try! Because if I did, I suppose you'd have assassinated me and scalped the old woman and burnt the house, and then gone out and stuffed all the cattle down into the well. That comes from gettin' into religious discussions with giants. So instead of bringing wholesale dee-vastation on us all, I just sat still and brought the dee-vastation on meself alone. But, of course, you didn't care about a little thing like that. You laughed and gave the old woman tit for tat and put yer hat on yer head and walked out and went off home, like old Noah steppin' into his fine ark. But I had to sit through the deluge. Oh, don't talk to me!" and Jim waved his hands in despair and sat staring into vacancy, with something of the expression Lot's wife may have borne in looking back on the fiery downpour.

"Well, if ye had any gumption ye'd have made a bluff at it," grunted Frank reflectively.

"Yes, and you after tellin' me the disasters I'd have brought on meself by tryin'. Thank ye, I'd prefer to live till I get the spring ploughin' done."

Frank smiled the smile of conscious power.

"Yes, but that was only if you tried it in real earnest," he said. "What I mean now is that you should have got up and pretended to be mighty mad about it, and told yer wife not to be afraid, that you were there, and made out like you were only kept back by the ties of hospitality and not carin' to muss the place up with me before a lady. But instead of that ye just sat there as dumb as a bump on a log."

A ray of animation came into Jim's sombre visage. A thought had occurred to him, but it could hardly be called a happy one. In fact, he trembled to contemplate it.

"Say—s-s-say, Frank," he stammered, "couldn't we do—somethin' like that—the next time?"

"How do ye mean?" growled Frank, sparring for time.

"What ye just said." Jim got up in his excitement and paced up and down, swinging his arms. "Pretend I was in a terrible rage and make like I'd half a mind to lick ye. And say, Frank, couldn't ye pretend ye—ye didn't want to fight?"

Jim looked anxiously into the other's face. But Frank shook his head doubtfully.

"Well, I dunno," he said. "Ye see there's me repitation. It might get out that I had backed down before ye, and then I'd get the haw-haw all right."

"Honest to God, Frank, I'd never say a word."

"I know you wouldn't, but yer wife might. But then if anything was said about it, I could always thrash ye to prove it was a joke."

It certainly was funny, the idea of big Frank Hall running away from little Jim Chillis, and it immediately occurred to the former how his cronies at the post office would enjoy the story. He determined that they should not be disappointed.

"Jim, me boy, we'll do it," he said, as soon as he could control his mirth. "I didn't think ye had gumption enough for it, but we'll carry it through all right. Egad, it'll be better than a play. And mind ye do it right. Go after me like ye was goin' to just nacherally eat me head off. Ye needn't be afraid of hurting me. If you come a bit too strong, I'll just give ye a poke or two to hold ye off."

Jim smiled feebly at this assurance. But Frank made up for the other's lack of appreciaton of the funniness of it all, by laughing till he almost rolled off the feed-box on which he was sitting. Somehow or other his mirth grated on Jim's nerves, and the little man began to feel a kind of smouldering resentment at the other's naked and unabashed enjoyment of the joke. But he did not say anything because of his great anxiety to take advantage of this forlorn hope of reinstating himself in the good graces of the indignant Mrs. Chillis. Therefore he merely smiled painfully, as he contemplated his large-limbed neighbor. A wrathful voice suddenly broke in.

"So here ye are again, ye meanderin' big loafer, comin' over here and takin' up the time of that poor deluded wretch, and sappin' the foundations of his faith with yer sneers! But it serves him right, for if he had any manhood in him, it's a fine thrashin' he'd be handin' out to ye, instead of standin' there gapin' for all the world like a donkey lookin' over a fence."

Mrs. Chillis was a large, sloppy, red-faced woman, with a high-pitched voice and a sing-song delivery caught from travelling evangelists. It wasn't an altogether pleasing elocution, but it had grand carrying and staying powers. In fact, the same thing might be said of Mrs. Chillis' appearance, as she stood in glowering majesty, with her hands wrapped up in her apron. She was not so much a beautiful as an impressive sight.

Frank slowly lurched to his feet.

"Good mornin', Mis' Chillis," he said, with a particularly sheepish grin, "—nice day, isn't it?—but I'm skeert it's goin' to come on to rain."

"What do ye want hangin' around here after yer beastly conduct last night?" was the retort courteous.

"Why—why, I just came over to apologize to Jim here, and explain to him that I hadn't no intention of hurtin' yer feelin's when I said that—"

"Never mind repeatin' your remarks, sir. Once is enough to say what ye said about that man of God, Doctor Carman; and if I had a husband as was a husband to me, that onct 'ud have been too much for you." And Mrs. Chillis glanced with blighting contempt at her lesser half.

"Ye wouldn't say that, Mrs. Chillis, if ye'd heard him a minute ago," said Frank with a sly grin at the unfortunate little man. "He was just tellin' me what 'd happen to me if I ever again said anythin' out of the way before his darlin' little wife—yes, he called ye his little darlin'—and he frightened me so I promised him I'd never, never—"

Mrs. Chillis nearly choked with helpless rage. But Frank met her eye with a look of shameless impudence, and so she was obliged to turn on her miserable husband.

"Oh, ye spalpeen, ye—if ye had the spirit of a mouse, ye couldn't stand there and hear him insult me—you tellin' him what 'ud happen!—you frightenin' him!—oh, good heavens!—" and she threw up her hands, as though to call down the wrath of the gods.

"But—but, me dear—it's the truth he's tellin' ye—" began Jim in fear and trembling, while he cast imploring glances at Frank, "I—I told him I'd—I'd knock his block off, if he ever dared to talk to you like that again, and he said he—he hoped I wouldn't do nothin' rash, for his insurance wasn't all paid up, and—"

"What, you, too, ye dirty little mollycoddle, you—tryin' to tell me a cock and bull story like that, are ye?" roared the irate lady in a towering rage. "You threaten to fight him!—ye might as well tell me the sick calf came up and bit him, you—why, I could do better meself—and I'm sure he looks frightened, too!"

Frank instantly straightened out his grin, but the effect wasn't very convincing. Jim in desperation saw that something had to be done or he was lost forever.

"Well, if ye will have bloodshed," he said as ferociously as he could, "I s'pose ye will—so here goes!"

With that he proceeded to take off his coat, very slowly and deliberately, as though for fear of injuring its dainty fabric, all the time keeping a side-glance on his wife in the hope that she would be led by wifely affection to interfere.

"Ye needn't lose time, lookin' around fer a place to put it," she remarked drily, "I'll hold it for ye."

Jim surrendered it with a sigh and then walked with faltering steps towards Frank, who made a half-hearted attempt to look frightened, but only succeeded in looking apoplectic.

"Good heavens, Jim—ye're surely not goin' to strike me!" he managed to gasp out in his struggle with a desire to lie down and roll.

"I—I'm afraid I must, Frank—ye, ye scoundrel, what do ye mean by talkin' before my wife as ye did last night, eh? What do ye mean?" and Jim swung his right arm in a manner which might have been vicious had he been a yard or so nearer Frank.

"Oh, sp-pare me, and I—I'll never—never—" and Frank grew purple with the agony of suppressed laughter.

"Well, see that ye don't!"

Nothing could have been more truculent than the tone, but Mrs. Chillis was not convinced.

"Why don't ye hit him, ye coward?" she shrieked.

"Come on, ye fool, and do somethin'," growled Frank under his breath. "Make a bluff at it anyway. Come on, come on, and pretend to strike me."

Poor Jim at this sidled cautiously up to him, and made a sort of little dab, which did not come within three inches of his manly bosom. But its

(Concluded on page 20.)

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SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building. (Tel. Main 255) MONTREAL

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Editor's Notice:—Saturday Night is always glad to receive original stories, sketches, etc., illustrated or otherwise. All manuscripts should be type-written and the necessary return postage enclosed; otherwise the Editor cannot guarantee their return should they be rejected.

Vol. 22. Toronto, Canada, April 17, 1909. No. 27

!?• Points About People •?!

He is Never "Agin the Government."

HON. L. J. TWEEDIE, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, whose name is unpleasantly prominent just now in connection with the report of the commission investigating the Central Railway, is a lawyer belonging to Chatham, a lumbering town on the Miramichi River. Prior to 1890 he had been heard of only as a private member of the Legislature. In that year he was elected with three colleagues in opposition to Mr. Blair on the stumpage issue. Mr. Blair, in order to have a majority in the House, was compelled to lower the stumpage rate and take Mr. Tweedie into his government as Surveyor-General, in charge of the crown lands of the province. Since then Mr. Tweedie, like his friend Mr. Pugsley, has never been in opposition to any government. When Premier Mitchell died, it was Provincial Secretary Tweedie, and when Mr. Emmerson removed to Ottawa, it was Premier and Provincial Secretary Tweedie. When Lieut.-Governor Snowball, also of Chatham, died a couple of years ago, Mr. Tweedie stepped into the governorship of the province.

Governor Snowball was a generous entertainer during his term of office and the present incumbent seems inclined to emulate his predecessor's example. New Brunswick does not maintain an official residence but cards were out some time ago for a big gubernatorial reception at the Legislative Building, Fredericton, April 14. The cards bear the legend "dress clothes."

At the present time it is a toss-up whether Governor Tweedie will resign, or dismiss his inquisitive advisers, but if Sir Wilfrid Laurier has seen one of these invitations it is probable the prime minister will advise the former course.

Pauline Johnston's Literary Ancestry.

IN connection with the death of Algernon Charles Swinburne his life-long friendship for the critic Theodore Watts-Dunton has been recorded. Watts-Dunton was the literary critic of The London Atheneaum and devoted a great deal of attention to poetry. It is pleasing to recall that to at least one Canadian writer he was very kind—to wit, Miss E. Pauline Johnson. Years ago a lyric, descriptive of our Canadian out-of-doors, which appeared in a fugitive publication came accidentally before his eye. Appended was a statement that the writer was of Indian lineage. He became intensely interested, and wrote in high praise of the lyrical beauty and warmth of the poem, adding that Miss Johnson was "the most interesting woman-poet now writing in the English tongue." Such praise coming from the friend and mentor of Swinburne was praise indeed.

Though Miss Johnson gets a great deal of her lore and wealth of imagery as a poet from her Indian ancestors, she undoubtedly owes something to her maternal ancestors, for, though it is not very generally known, she is connected with the delightful novelist, W. D. Howells, of whom her mother was a first cousin, and whose father won a host of friends in Toronto while he was American consul here during the presidential regime of Rutherford B. Hayes.

The Late Mr. B. Morton Jones.

ALLUSION has been made in this journal to the sad death at Lethbridge, Alberta, of Mr. B. Morton Jones. He was a young man who had left the ranks of the over-crowded legal profession in Toronto to make a career for himself in the West, and that he would have been a successful public man in that growing country no one had reason to doubt, for he was naturally clever, well-read and an excellent speaker. When in Toronto his chief passion was music. He was a capable organist and had voluntarily taken up the work of choirmaster in one or two Anglican churches through sheer love of the work. For some years also he was one of the chief aides of Dr. Vogt in building up the Mendelssohn Choir.

His enthusiasm for that institution's development knew no bounds. He was constantly stirring his comrades to work harder and harder and was one of the advocates of the orchestral policy which has since borne such splendid fruit. When he came east to get married last autumn an old friend of boyhood days asked him whether he was doing anything in a musical line in Lethbridge.

"No," he replied. "I'm too busy; in fact we're all too busy out there."

His friends, especially among those who were reared in the old village of Yorkville were innumerable and expressions of sorrow during the past week have been correspondingly wide-spread and sincere.

Wilfred Campbell's Controversies.

THAT Mr. William Wilfred Campbell has started a purity hunt after the novelists of the day need surprise no one who knows the man. It is no ordinary small fry like the Canadian lady who wrote "Three Weeks" that he has sharpened his pen for. It is such robust personages as George Meredith and William de Morgan that he is after. What he thinks about Fielding, the first of great English novelists, he does not reveal, but his view would probably be too hot for publication. Mr. Campbell is nothing if not courageous, as he has proved on more than one occasion. He comes from the Lake Huron region, and at one time when he was a clergyman stationed at St. Stephen, N.B., he published a book of lyrics descriptive of the lake country of his boyhood that attracted general attention. Finding that he could not accept the orthodox view of Christianity he courageously resigned his charge and attempted to make a livelihood through literature. Friends in the late Conservative administration, recognizing his undoubted talent, obtained for him a post in the civil service at Ottawa, whither he went to join the rather numerous band of poets who reside at the capital.

Shortly afterward The Globe decided to run a weekly symposium on literary themes, by Mr. Campbell the late Archibald Lampman, and Duncan Campbell Scott. One Saturday Mr. Campbell gave expression to what some would deem harmless views on the position of the cross as a religious symbol, stating that it had been so regarded in the East long before the crucifixion. At once the fat was in the fire. The old Presbyterian subscribers took it to mean that The Globe was spreading heresy. The editor had not understood it that way but the letters kept pouring in and finally the journal was forced to editorially repudiate Mr. Campbell's statements. That was an end to the weekly symposium.

Perhaps, however, the most exciting controversy that Mr. Campbell ever precipitated was when he attempted to denounce Bliss Carman as a plagiarist. Carman was then, and is still, the doyen of the Canadian colony in New York. At great length Mr. Campbell went through Carman's work with a fine tooth comb and accused him of stealing most of his best lines, principally from Matthew Arnold. Some of his analogies were not very clear and it is probable that no poet who ever published a line could stand such a "gruelling" process and escape the charge of plagiarism. At once the New York colony fell upon William Wilfred and rent him hip and thigh, suggesting that he look to his own house. Campbell's reply was that the New York colony were a gang of log-rollers anyway. The controversy raged until the newspapers were obliged to close their columns to it because it was fatiguing the general public.

It will be seen that Mr. Campbell is a man of radical views. A few years ago he started a few University professors in a lecture up at 'Varsity by asserting that the Roman civilization had done nothing for humanity. It is probable that Meredith and the others who have the honor to keep him company in Mr. Campbell's bad books will survive the assault for a little while. And the question that occurs to one is, "If Mr. Campbell does not like novels why does he read them?"

A Nephew of Fitzgerald.

REFERENCE to the centenary of Edward Fitzgerald, author of the English version of the Persian poet, Omar Khayham, recalls the fact that a talented nephew of Tennyson's old friend lived nearly twenty years in Canada, and is buried at St. John. This was the Rev. John DeSoyres, graduate, fellow and occasional lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge. Just returned from a short residence in St. Petersburg, as chaplain of the embassy there, he happened to see in a newspaper at his club an advertisement for a rector from St. John's church, St. John, N.B.

"I've always wanted to see the colonies," he exclaimed, "and here's my chance."

That is the only explanation that people who knew him in Canada ever had of the cutting short of a brilliant career in the church at home. Mr. DeSoyres was not so shy as his distinguished uncle, but quite as eccentric, and that is probably the reason that when a successor to Canon DuMoulin at St. James's was wanted, he was unsuccessful; for his sermons were brilliant.

He was a great historian, an accomplished linguist, a connoisseur in art, and an athlete and sportsman, and had few peers as an after-dinner speaker. He used to say that "Old Fitz" had no great honor in his own family. "He was much about our house when I was a child, and our name for him was 'snuffy Uncle Edward.'"

How the Censor Censed.

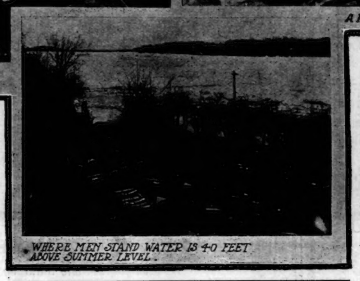
"THE SOUL KISS," in spite of its alluring name, was not a very naughty performance. But there were a few passages which might have seemed fleshly to people who are given to brooding over that kind of thing. For this reason there was some little surprise that the censor, who by virtue of his position is a kind of moral brooder, did not take a greater advantage of his opportunity to publicly pat Virtue on the shoulder and say, "Fear not, little one, I am with thee." At first some were inclined to think that he was halting for breath on the trail of the serpent, and taking a brief respite before getting in another toe-hold on the monster. But the truth has at last leaked out. The censor did not see the performance. The censor was present, but the censor's glasses were not; and so countless little capering imps and devilkins frolicked about on the stage undetected.

It seems that when His High Moralityship, Inspector Stevens, had sat him down in the bald-headed row at the Princess theatre on the first night of the show, he reached for his spectacles and found they were not. What to do? The show was beginning, and he could not venture to go home for them, lest he should miss something. Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, that censors can't bear the thought of missing any of it. He was therefore obliged to sit all through the performance, with no other satisfaction than a companion's running account of what was being done on the stage. Think of the agony of listening to another gloat over the pulchritude of "peaches" and "beauts" which you could not clearly make out, and of hearing the sliding steps of dances which were a mere blur to you! This was surely punishment enough for all the censor's transgressions. Not even Billiken could wish him more.

WHAT THE ICE KING HAS DONE TO NIAGARA

SCENE AT LEWISTON — ICE PILED 40 FEET HIGH

A PIECE OF THE GORGE ROUTE



WHERE MEN STAND WATER IS 40 FEET ABOVE SUMMER LEVEL.

Not since white man knew them have the falls of Niagara, the river above and the gorge below behaved as they did this week. For a time the falls were destitute of water by the jamming of the ice above, and later this ice, tumbling in huge masses over the falls, formed a grinding menace to the power plants, docks and houses upon the shores and swept away the equipment of the Gorge railway. Huge blocks of ice were piled half a hundred feet high by the force of the terrific current, and the ice, forced along as it was, crushed the most lasting and strongest works that man could build like so much matchwood.

The Confusion of Tongues.

ONE of the young women lecturers at Toronto University quite unwittingly gave as good as she got in a downtown store the other day.

What she needed was Roman floss but being more familiar with the processes of consciousness than the processes of embroidery she found it difficult to express just exactly what she wanted in shop vernacular.

"What kind is it?" enquired the clerk at the fancy goods counter, "Corticelli?"

The word was new and meaningless in the ears of the shopper. Staring enquiringly at the saleswoman she started hesitatingly to reply:

"I do not know the technical terminology——." But the answering stare of bewilderment sent out from the china blue eyes fixed round in wonder warned her. She stopped short and, pointing to some heavy skeins of silk that just then caught her eye, finished with an abrupt

"I guess *that's* it!"

The Men That Get the News

THAT YOU READ TO-DAY.

John W. Tibbs, of The Star.

HIS name is John W. Tibbs. As secretary of the Toronto Press Club he is J. W. Tibbs; otherwise he is "Gunner" Tibbs, one of the bright all-round news-getters of The Toronto Daily Star, whose specialty is whatever comes along.

They call him "Gunner" because, in 1899, when he was something in the Royal Canadian Artillery—had to point the guns or clean 'em, or maybe he commanded—he went down to South Africa and there distinguished himself by saying little and shooting straight. That's about what he does now on The Star.

For a newspaperman, he is a modest chap. Seemed to walk into the post of Secretary of the Press Club as the result of a campaign of silence, and seems to get his news often by creating a sort of zone of silence which the other fellow has to break by saying something to the point.

Tibbs does things quickly; speaks, walks, writes and thinks at speed. In fact, on one occasion he was so rapid that he threw his City Editor into a spasm.

"Gunner" Tibbs, as a young reporter on The News, was assigned some years since to attend a noon-day sermon at St. James's Cathedral. Not then perceiving that a sermon may possess a news value, perhaps, and at any rate having other things to do at precisely noon, he visited the Reverend Bishop beforehand, got the text from the speaker, and induced him to give a synopsized word-of-mouth rendering of the forthcoming sermon. "Gunner" Tibbs wrote a very good account, which was placed in an inner page of the paper. The front page contained a brief announcement, written by some one else, that the Bishop had been forced to cancel his sermon on account of illness.

Our hero started his newspaper life in the advertising department of The News when William Douglas ran that paper. That was about '98. Tibbs was then mixed up with the artillery as aforesaid, and in South Africa he wrote home for his paper some of the details of the campaign. On his return he was either invited up, or insisted on going up, to the editorial floor and left off chasing "ads." to begin chasing news. His first assignment was to write up the funeral of a sergeant of one of the local city regiments. After that he did whatever he was told to. About 1903 he was put on the "police" assignment, and he stayed with "police" for three years, or until such time as he got good and tired of that one form of newspaper assignment.

About 1906 "Gunner" Tibbs hitched his wagon to The Star. On that paper he has taken a whirl at about every form of newspaper work that an "evening" city editor has in his bag of tricks. He has descended so low as to do "hotels," and on the other hand has transcribed the doings of the local "House" throughout the session. They shift him long journeys out of town, send him yearly to Niagara Camp, and keep "Gunner" Tibbs pretty well circulating where the news buzzes. Good all-round newspaper man he is, and something of a writer on military topics. He has produced several short stories in magazines, though he didn't sign 'em.

Blessed the Little Heretic.

GREAT of girth and grave of mien was the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, but his girth was shaken and his gravity disturbed once at a supper given in the Priests' House to the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Before being dined the choir was marshalled in single file to a large room and there presented to the archbishop. With the choristers was a young girl of Protestant persuasion in whose Methodist education church etiquette had been overlooked. The room was poorly lighted by a couple of gas jets. So far as she could see the woman who preceded her halted before His Grace, made a very low bow when her name was announced, and then passed on to one of the chairs lined about the wall.

When the debutante's turn came she was slightly surprised that the soft fat hand extended to her was held palm downward, but shook it cordially and murmured a bashful "How'd'do?"

With unchanged countenance the archbishop eyed her long and gravely, saying finally: "God bless you, my child."

It was the only benediction given and helped a little to assuage the girl's mortification when she discovered that all who followed her dropped on one knee before His Grace and kissed the bishop's ring—the sign and seal of his high office.

Later, at the priests' table, the aged prelate's sides shook with laughter as he related the incident and asked:

"Who *was* the little heretic?"

In Tokio there is an industrial school for young women with more than a thousand students learning embroidery, sewing, and the making of silk flowers and other articles for export.

"Someday."

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

"SOMEDAY," we say, but still we stay
To loiter down Life's Great Highway—
"Someday."

"Someday I'll go to work and then—
Look to your laurels, you Big Men";
Ah, Cynic Graybeard, asking "When?"—
"Someday."

"Someday I shall be known to Fame;
Someday The World shall hear my name;
Someday I shall *get in the game*,
Shall find and shall *achieve* my aim—
Someday."

Sometime, when I get under way,
I'll hit my gait and cease to stray;
This brow shall wear the laurel spray—
Just *when*, I'm not prepared to say,
Nor *how*, nor *why*, but *anyway*—
"*Someday!*"

Paintings by Sorolla

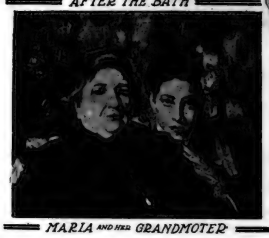
AFTER THE BATH

LOOKING FOR CRABS JAVEA

AT THE WATER

JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

SAD INHERITANCE



MARIA AND HER GRANDMOTER

SEA IDYLL

A Modern Master.

THERE is a generous ring to that old word "master," and it still enfolds a host of noble implications, in spite of the reckless manner in which it is sometimes employed. A good word is more enduring than brass, and though any dauber who spoils good canvas with good pigment or any bungler who arouses the evil nature of piano or violin is liable to be called a "maestro," there is still enough of virtue in the old word to make it a fitting epithet for even so great a painter as Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida. For "master" still means power, supreme command of one's tools, be they brushes or grand pianos, splendid facility in execution, a broad and sane outlook on life, and that fine sense of reality and fact without which there can be no enduring achievement, no real mastery. And all these things are present in the Spanish peasant who has come to be recognized as the lawful successor of Velasquez and Goya, the bearer of their mighty mantle, and the bright particular star of his country's art.

On all these accounts Sorolla has the very highest of claims on the interest and attention of art-lovers the world over. But he has at present a special claim on the consideration of people in this section of the country, inasmuch as a splendid collection of his paintings was on exhibition for some weeks at the Albright Gallery of Buffalo, where they were visited by several parties from Toronto. Among those who went there was only one opinion expressed, and that was that the Spaniard is one of the two or three greatest painters of the present age. They were dazzled by his marvellous color effects, deeply impressed with his unfailing technical skill and original methods, and above all delighted by his healthly, open-air spirit and inexhaustible verve. They were charmed by everything he did, landscapes or water pictures, flower scenes or portraits. They saw the supreme artist in all his work, but it was the children they loved best. These naked brown cherubs floundering about joyously in the purple seas of Spain or running races along the glowing sands made captive all who saw them; and the visitors to the Albright Gallery will probably best remember Sorolla as the painter who brought little children unto him in all the gaiety of heart and unsullied innocence which makes of such the kingdom of heaven.

In the consideration of a man's art the story of his life is no unimportant factor, and the biography of Joaquin Sorolla throws much light on his artistic development and achievement. In the first place he was born a peasant in the vivid land of Valencia, where colors are gay and passions are strong and life is picturesque. He drank in gorgeous color from his babyhood, and he learned to look on life with the sane, healthy outlook of the peasant. It was from his peasant race, too, that he got the sturdy constitution which has enabled him to undergo the herculean labors necessary to reach his present high place. But fortune dealt out some hard knocks at the very outset of his career, for smallpox carried off both his parents when he was only two years old, throwing him upon the charity of an aunt named Bastida. It was from her he got his second name. The usual stories are told of his school days. Great artists always did scribble pictures over their school books, and he is no exception to the rule. Likewise did his precocious genius attract the attention of a philanthropic gentleman, who enabled him to attend an academy of art for several years. And, as any reader of romances might have expected, the gentleman's daughter, Dona Clotilde Garcia, afterwards became the painter's wife.

By the time he was twenty he had exhibited paintings at Madrid, but these early works attracted little attention. Nor do they seem to have deserved much, for they were hardly remarkable, even as the work of a very young man. But the artist was slowly maturing and obtaining command of his great powers. At last he found himself, and the painting which finally convinced the artistic world of the presence of a new and great painter was the picture of an unfortunate girl being conveyed in a third-class railway carriage as a prisoner for infanticide. It is a wonderful piece of poignant realism, and has since been made familiar in countless reproductions. That was the beginning, and since that time Sorolla has poured out a positive flood of wonderful pictures of every description, an output which for quantity and quality is almost unequalled among modern painters. Nor does there seem to be any sign of diminution in the superb abundance of his work. He has only now come into the full possession of his powers, as he has not yet attained his forty-sixth year. With his fine constitution and wonderful technical equipment, he should thus have many years of magnificent productiveness before him.

In the consideration of Sorolla's work, the first thing that strikes one is his realism and also his splendid impressionism. It is his great merit to combine in this way the superb truthfulness of the old Spanish masters Velasquez and Goya with the daring color and fresh modernity of later days. He is a realist and an impressionist in the very best sense of the words. His realism never descends to the depiction of the ugly and base, and is absolutely unmarked by that morbid spirit which mars so much fine work on the part of the painters who have ranked themselves under this banner. It is what realism ought to be, a clear-eyed and unclouded view of nature and a fine sincerity in interpreting her. And as Sorolla is a healthy-minded man of fresh and simple tastes, he is naturally inclined to look on the healthful and pleasant aspects of nature. Children playing on the beaches, fishermen working about their boats and nets, sunny landscapes full of light and color, these are the subjects to which he turns, and his enjoyment of them shows in the verve and overflowing vitality of his work.

On account of his daring color schemes and his peculiar methods of treatment, Sorolla would probably be called an impressionist. But his is an impressionism very different from the spotty and chaotic work to which the name is so often applied. Though he sometimes employs the spotty methods peculiar to the impressionist school in his endeavor to get the vibrant quality of sunlight, he absolutely refuses to allow himself to be cramped within these narrow dimensions. Instead he uses a broad, sweeping brush-stroke, which lays on the color with a magnificent freedom and power. In this respect there is no little resemblance between his style and that of Sargent. His drawing also is excellent, and this is another point of divergence from the methods of many impressionists, whose work is absolutely chaotic on account of their disregard for line and form. But Sorolla is never indefinite. He always sees clearly and always paints the thing as he sees it with unhesitating assurance.

An interesting light is thrown on the man and his work by a statement he made to a critic concerning his method of painting. "I have to work fast," he said. "It seems to me that I can't do anything worth while unless I do it quickly." And his work seems to bear out the truth of this, for it gives the impression of having been thrown off with consummate ease, the natural expression of superb powers working joyfully. But, as the critic points out, this could be possible only in virtue of a flawless technical knowledge and skill gained through long years of strenuous labor.

It is impossible in a short article of this character to more than state a few generalities about so powerful and many-sided a genius as this Spanish master. He is beyond question one of the world's greatest living painters, and there are many who would place him above all rivals. His work has everywhere aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and people have even gone to extravagant lengths in their acclaim. And this universal recognition of his work is of the very happiest augury, for it would seem to indicate a return of public taste to the healthful realism of the great old masters, and a saner conception of modern artistic development.

Peyer O'Dee.

Learning to Work in the Schools.

THE development of technical education in the schools of Ontario is an important matter of which too few people have any knowledge. Of late years the Education Department has noticed that the general public has come to feel that the education given by primary schools has been lacking in practical benefits; that it has been "too literary," and that it has not sufficiently equipped boys and girls for real life. Acting on this feeling, which has found frequent but vague expression from time to time, the Department is doing what it can to encourage manual training and domestic science teaching in our public schools and collegiate institutes. As to the progress already made it may be pointed out that there are now only ten Ontario towns of a population over 5,000 where one or both of these practical studies are not taken up, while several smaller places are considering their introduction. In Ottawa alone, thirteen schools are equipped for manual training; four in Hamilton; and seven in Toronto—Broadview Boys' Institute, Wellesley school, Givens street, Queen Alexandra, Lansdowne school, George street, and Dewson street. Household science is taught in these nine Toronto schools: Wellesley, Parkdale, Queen Alexandra, Winchester, King Edward, Dewson, Broadview Boys' Institute, Young Women's Christian Guild, and Technical school. This work is also established at a large number of Normal schools, collegiate institutes, and colleges of various kinds.

A glance through the annual report of the Inspector of Technical Education, Mr. Albert H. Leake, just issued, would prove astonishing to thousands of Ontario taxpayers who have no idea of the extent and character of the work being done. The volume contains a large number of pictures, most of which illustrate the achievements of manual training classes.

Some of the designs worked out by the higher classes are really artistic, all are in good taste, and most of them are of practical use. Clay modelling, metal work, and furniture making are the principal branches of this work.

Last year the tools and equipment installed for manual training purposes in Ontario schools were valued at over $22,000, and more than 10,000 boys were receiving weekly instruction.

Now what, you ask, is the purpose of manual training in the schools—is it to equip boys as workers in various trades? The Education Department says it is not. The teaching of hand work is at present based on the theory that it is a stimulus to the intellect. It gives the boys practical ideas. It shows them what production means and what it costs; and it helps them to cultivate taste and resourcefulness. If a boy leaves school at an early age, the training he has received will be useful to him. If he attends a collegiate institute he goes on with the work in a higher form, and that leads him perhaps to the School of Mines or the Faculty of Applied Science at the University, and so on to one of the engineering professions. But Inspector Leake and the Education Department believe that industrial education is coming; that in time we will have apprentice schools where boys will be taught trades under favorable conditions. The rights of organized labor are recognized, and trades unionism strongly resents and resists this movement. But definite practice in a good school is a quicker, surer way to competence in a trade than sweeping floors, running errands, and doing odd jobs for months in a shop. The school and the shop must be in close touch. But in the school a boy will not simply blunder into a trade; and he will learn other things as well. In addition to getting a broad, as compared to a piecemeal, knowledge of the work, he will have impressed on him the value of developing moral character and putting it into what he does. This is the belief of the Education Department, and of Canadians who have studied the question. It is also the belief, it will be remembered, of ex-President Roosevelt and many American students of social problems.

As to household science, there is no doubt but that fine and useful work is being done in this department in public and preparatory schools and colleges. One has only to visit, for example, the Toronto Technical School or the Macdonald Institute at Guelph to realize this.

Hal.

Spring.

NOW doth the little angel worm
Delight to bark and bite,
And the hungry suckers in the brook
For the hook doth fight;
The joyous robin builds her nest
Of sticks and bits of dirt,
Whilst Hiram takes his yearly bath
And dons his summer shirt.

W. E. C. Hurlburt.

Says The Canadian Gazette of London: Germany is seemingly destined to prove the saviour of the British Empire. When Canada enacted her preference policy, Germany by her claim to share in it drove Canada into the definite Empire preference policy which has become the guiding principle for all the King's dominions. The Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger was one of the factors which brought Canada and the other colonies to Britain's aid on South African battlefields; and now Germany's challenge of British sea supremacy is forcing the whole Empire into an effective Empire defence policy. Hats off to the Kaiser and his people!

Guglielmo Marconi, the wireless telegraph inventor, was recently the guest at dinner of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. To his majesty Marconi made the statement that by the erection of an extra powerful plant at Coltano, near Pisa, he expected within twelve months to have direct wireless communication with America.

Something of a stir has been caused in London by the loss of a tiny tube containing about one-seventh of a grain of radium. There is scarcely enough of it to cover a thumbnail, but it might seriously burn anyone handling it. Also it is worth $500. The lost radium is brownish powder somewhat resembling toasted bread crumbs.

WOODWORK TORONTO MODEL SCHOOL

MATCH SAFES MODELLED IN CLAY—TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL

WOOD TURNING—STRATFORD COLL. INST.

LAMP SHADES—TORONTO NORMAL

MADE AT CORNWALL MODEL SCHOOL

WOODWORK HAMILTON COLL. INST.

EXAMPLES OF WORK DONE IN ONTARIO SCHOOLS BY MANUAL TRAINING CLASSES.

A REGRETTABLE automobile accident which occurred in Toronto one day this week caused, it would seem, by a chauffeur's ignorance of his car or his entire loss of nerve in a traffic tangle, gives point to this statement of the manager of a New York manufacturing firm:

"Of the thousands of persons who notice automobiles going about this city every bright day, very few ever give a thought to where and how the drivers of these machines are secured. Ever since the advent of the motor car there has been one perplexing question demanding the attention of the owner or prospective owner of the twentieth century vehicle. That question is: 'Who shall take care of our car,' and even to-day that question remains to be completely solved. Fifty per cent. of the so-called chauffeurs driving cars in this city would not know what to do if their engines suddenly stopped. The only thing they know about an automobile is how to drive it. Many of the accidents to pedestrians are caused by men driving cars without a proficient knowledge of their working."

This manufacturer adds that the New York School of Automobile Engineers has prepared a booklet on "The Chauffeur Question and the Answer," which will be sent to any applicant.

The successful business man is the one who understands every detail of the working of the establishment over which he presides. The successful housekeeper is the one who can show her servant how to do her work, and who knows whether it is done well or not. And to run an automobile successfully the owner ought to understand it himself. Or, failing that, he ought to make sure that his chauffeur understands it.

* * *

In a recent speech in which he discussed the question of good roads, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works for Ontario, said: "The principles of road construction are simple, and imperfections are due to ignorance in the direction of the work or carelessness in maintenance. The three principles of good roads are: First, drainage; second, drainage; and third, drainage."

* * *

The Automobile Club of France has appointed a commission to encourage the use of motor vehicles by farmers. With this end in view, it has been decided to conduct practical tests and exhibitions in order to spread knowledge concerning the general usefulness of this class of machine. Ground has been purchased for the purpose.

* * *

It is poor economy to buy or run an old-fashioned car. The better and more modern an auto is the cheaper it will be in the long run. A serious drawback to many old cars is the imperfect accessibility of many vital parts that have been made very accessible in present-day cars. Among these parts are the carbureter, timer, clutch, water pump and brake adjustment. In some old cars that have their radiators at the sides of the bonnet it is almost necessary to remove the radiator to get at the spark plugs. It is also often necessary to take the car almost all apart if the engine or gear box bearings require attention.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Levitt, a well-known English motorist, has written a book entitled "The Woman and the Car," in which she gives advice to women who would like to become good drivers. She is of the opinion that a woman is wise to buy a small car for her own use. Naturally she drifts to the subject of dress. She says that leather coats do not wear out gracefully. They are all right for a time, but after a shower or two they become stiff and far from comfortable. As to gloves, she says it is unwise to wear woollen ones, as they slip on the smooth surface of the steering wheel. Miss Levitt thinks that a woman can learn to understand a car as easily as a man can, but she advises the fair driver to "look after the little things"—to assure herself that the various parts of the machine are in shape before she starts on a journey. She adds, also, that a horn is for the purpose of giving warning, not of unnecessarily startling people.

* * *

The new Indianapolis motor speedway, mentioned in these columns recently, will be, when completed, the fastest enclosed track in the world. Indeed, it is predicted that a speed of 100 miles an hour will be possible on the highly banked turns when they have become solid. If the plans are fully carried out, there will be nothing just like this speedway anywhere. Originally planned to be three miles in circumference, with an inside course adding two miles to its length, the scheme has been considerably altered. They now provide for an outside course of two and a half miles, necessitating a cutting down of the inside track, so that the entire route will be about four miles.

A peculiarity of the arrangement of the course is that the racers during a contest will pass close to the grand stand three times in every complete circuit. This is accomplished by the method of laying two inside loops, which swing toward the main building. If any objection develops it will be because of the rather sharp turns, or curves, which will probably cause a shutting off of power as they are rounded.

While the speedway is intended principally for automobile contests, races and tests, the big enclosure will be the centre of many other sporting activities. It is intended also to hold motor-cycle and bicycle races on it, and to use other parts for airship and balloon races. A pipe line is now being laid to convey the gas to be used in the American national balloon race which starts on June 5.

Many manufacturers are thinking of erecting testing quarters on or near the big course.

* * *

At a meeting of automobile drivers held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, recently, it was decided to form in England a national society of chauffeurs. The principal speaker stated that there were something like a hundred thousand chauffeurs in the United Kingdom.

* * *

Not long ago theatrical companies in France discovered that they could tour to better advantage by automobile than by train. Now the scheme is being tried in England with every prospect of success. One London company has three powerful cars, in which actors, stage hands, and scenery are transported. On a recent tour of this company it was the intention, in thirty-six working days, to visit forty-three towns, giving more than fifty performances and covering nearly 3,000 miles. The first place of stopping outside of London was Watford, where a matinee was given. After the curtain had dropped at five o'clock, the scenery, within ten minutes, was snugly packed in one car, the actresses and actors got into another, and twenty minutes after five o'clock the cars were on their way to St. Albans, where a performance was given the same night.

Beside many other advantages, notes a writer in The Literary Digest, this method of transportation in England enables companies to reach towns situated on branch lines of railway more conveniently than could be done by rail. There are a number of prosperous towns in England situated some distance from railways to which theatrical companies heretofore have seldom gone. By means of trains of motor-cars, a company can now reach every town in England that is worth while and can do this quickly. A further consideration is the saving of time and a reduction in expenses in many directions. Conditions in England greatly favor a scheme of this, as the large towns are close together.

* * *

The Automobile Club of Canada, with headquarters in Montreal, is taking steps to improve the twenty-two mile stretch of roadway between Montreal and St. Anne de Bellevue, a fashionable suburb. Mr. Duncan McDonald has offered to contribute one-third of the cost of oiling the road. The total expenditure for the work is estimated at $3,000.

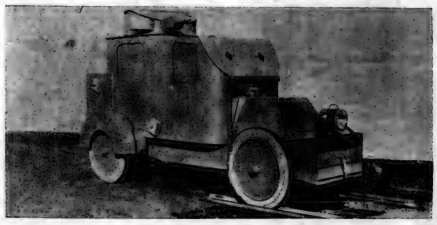
* * *

A road contractor in one of the Eastern States had something to say recently of general interest to motorists. He does not believe that chains on tires injure roads. Here is his opinion:

"When my men break up the stone for road work I do not give them a hammer made with a rubber head nor one with a steel head and a rubber handle. Yet this is just the comparison that the opponents to the use of tire-chains are trying to use. As a matter of fact, the whole question is looked at from wrong premises. To begin with, too many forget that roads are built to take care of traffic; traffic is not something that springs up because there is a road. If this is not so, then why build roads at all? Why not have trails, paths, or what you will, and let anyone who wants to use them go back in the methods and use unshod animals with the loads on their backs? However, that is only illustrative; the point is, do tire-chains injure the roads? I say they do not, any more than the hammer I mentioned would break up stone for the under course in road-building."

Neither does this road constructor believe that motor tires tear off the surface of roads. He says the things that tear up road surfaces are "the calks on the shoes of horses." The automobile may carry off granulations from the road surface, once they have been produced, but the automobile does not produce them. Granulation is due to the calks on the shoes of horses. "Four sharp, metal points driven against the road with a force of three-quarters of a ton will do more," says this contractor, "to tear up the surface than the rolling action of any type of tire."

Pneumatic.



A MINIATURE FORT ON WHEELS.
The armored automobile in various forms was a notable feature of the recent extensive army manoeuvre in England, referred to by the British press as the Battle of Hasting, 1909. The picture shows one of the elaborate cars used. It is fitted with a gun turret.

At the Auto Show.

He talked about transmission and
magnetos in a way
That made you think he owned a car
and drove it every day;
He kept the salesman busy showing
him the new devices,
And was not interested when they
quoted him their prices;
But after all his posing and the fine
way he had talked,
When it was time for going home I
noticed that he walked.

He could spot the latest models, their
advantages he knew,
He hoped some day to find a car that
wouldn't skid or slew;
He spoke of carburetors in a most
convincing way
Till a crowd had gathered round him
to hear what he had to say;
But when it came to buying, it was
there he always balked,
And when it came to going home I
noticed that he walked.

Human nature is a study and the auto
show's a school,
The human trait of showing off is
one that's bound to rule;
We want the world to view us as we
some day hope to be,
And not the way we really are. That's
human I'll agree.
In other things as motor cars, the man
who loudest talks,
May soar in speech but when it comes
to going home—he walks.

—Detroit Free Press.

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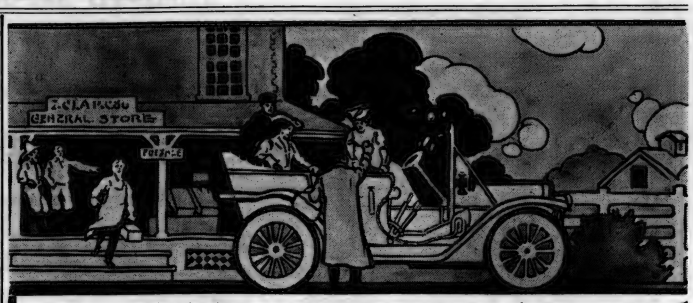
The following affidavit was filed in Court of Common Pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the County of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' *which this deponent verily believes he would have done*, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

During a recent polite court case at Bath, England, it was stated by a witness that the defendant, who was charged with being drunk, came up and started talking about an invention he had made with reference to acetylene. In reply to the Clerk witness said that defendant had been drinking, but did not seem drunk, as he pronounced "acetylene" all right several times, which he considered was not an easy word to pronounce if a man was worse for liquor!

A good talker is generally a poor stopper.—Life.



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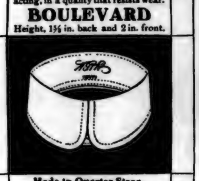

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These shirts are made with the double cuff and soft collar to match. They are found to be the ideal shirt for business or outing wear.
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SPORTING COMMENT

IN spite of the widespread movement to put down race-track betting in several states, turfmen are once more beginning to pluck up courage. An excellent season in California has helped to give them renewed confidence in the future of the sport, and this has been heightened by the announcement that there will be racing on the New York tracks. At first it was feared that the tracks would be closed on account of the state laws against betting. But while there will, of course, be no bookmaking, present indications are that there will be little or no interference with individual speculation. There are, however, a number of points in this matter to be cleared up by the courts before the question will be definitely settled. As the popularity of racing depends largely on the ability of the public to bet without fear of arrest, the future of the sport in New York State depends largely on the decision of these points.

The Eastern season will open at Pimlico on April 24 with an attractive meeting which will continue until May 12. Then will come the opening of the metropolitan campaign at Belmont Park on May 13, which will provide sport scheduled up to August 28, with meetings held at Gravesend or Aqueduct (whichever track the Brooklyn Jockey Club selects for a spring meeting), Sheepshead Bay, Empire City and Saratoga. Meanwhile there will be racing in Kentucky, at Latonia, Louisville and Lexington in all probability while the Canadian promoters have mapped out a campaign for Montreal, Toronto, Fort Erie, Windsor, Hamilton and other points. By this arrangement, and at the same time taking it for granted that there will be more racing on the metropolitan tracks in the fall, it can be seen that there will be as much sport for the horsemen to indulge in as formerly, though purses and stakes will not be so valuable because of the adverse conditions under which the various meetings in the United States will be conducted.

Open bookmaking will prevail at Pimlico and in Canada, while the pari-mutuel machines will be used in Kentucky exclusively unless the Latonia Jockey Club succeeds in its legal fight to restore the system of booking on the old lines.

* * *

THE race between Simpson and Appleby—to put the names in the order in which the men came in—would have attracted a tremendous crowd had the weather been more favorable for that form of sport. As it was the attendance was very small, but the wonder was, not that it was small, but that it existed at all. A strong, cold wind blew over the course from the northwest, and both runners and spectators suffered. So far as the runners are concerned, however, it told more on Appleby, who is not accustomed to the amenities of Canadian spring climate. Simpson, as a native son, stood it much better, and his victory is due in large measure to his greater hardiness. The weather and the distance were both too much for the Englishman. It may be, however, that in fine weather conditions Appleby might make a much better showing even in a run of twenty miles, which is full five miles over his proper distance. At fifteen miles he is a wonder, but at the longer distance he is hardly in the first class.

There is also another point to be considered, and that is the fact that the Englishman did all the pacing and broke the wind for the other throughout the greater part of the race. He did it as long as he could, and it was only when he was clearly weakening that the Indian would consent to lead. This is hardly sportsmanlike, however much it may be defended on grounds of expediency. It does seem as though there should have been a fairer division of the pace-setting. Of course, Appleby might have jockeyed and forced the other to do a little of the leading. But while this is perfectly true and Simpson did not take any advantage that the rules of the game do not fully warrant, many of those present felt that he was playing a little too safe a game.

* * *

HENRI ST. YVES, the great little French Marathon runner, has not been resting on his oars—or perhaps one should say his legs—since his victory in New York. On the contrary, instead of spending his time celebrating his exploits, he got away as soon as he could and ran another long race at Providence, R.I., where he defeated Maloney easily. These foreign athletes are certainly models of business method. If running is their trade they keep right at it, and never allow themselves a holiday so long as there is money in sight. Dorando is another of these tireless little men to whom a Marathon has become almost a daily event. St. Yves seems to give evidence of the same systematic attention to his trade. These fellows seem to realize that the glory of an athlete is something that fades very quickly, and also that the Marathon fad may have even shorter duration. Therefore they are making miles while the dollar shines.

* * *

SCOTLAND managed to give England a very thorough beating in the recent international Rugby match, though it would seem from the accounts of the match that the teams were very fairly matched, and that the Englishmen had about as much of the play as their opponents. At half-time England was leading by 8 points to 3, and going strong; but after the interval they seemed to have cooled off, whereas Scotland, getting to work at once with tremendous pace and dash, twice broke through with tries that yielded goals, and so converted a deficit of 5 points into a lead of the like number. Then England began to rally, though not sufficiently to stop Scotland from scoring once again. If there was any appreciable difference between the teams it was at half-back where the Scottish pair were undoubtedly the smarter. Besides being dangerous in actual attack, they generally managed to make the English couple fling the ball out, as soon as they got it, in such a hurry that the three-quarters had no time to get fairly on the move. Moreover, far more penalties were given against England than against Scotland, and for many of these the English halves were responsible. Penalties, even when unproductive of points, have a most demoralizing effect upon the penalized side.

A NEAT PASS BY SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY MATCH.

* * *

KING EDWARD, for the first time in his career as an owner of race horses, won two successive races recently at Newbury. This feat was accomplished by Minoru, which won the Greenham Stakes, and Oakmere, which led at the wire in the Berkshire Handicap. The King's double victory was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm, which showed in what affectionate esteem he is held by English turf-followers. The Daily News makes the following comment on the event:

Not a few people believe that without the King's support and personal example the turf would go to the dogs; and though such a view underrates both the vitality of racing and its hold on public affection, nobody, of course, would dream of denying that his Majesty's patronage is of the highest value to it. Over and above this, too, there is the splendid sportsmanship of the Sovereign, which makes a royal win something more than it looks on paper. The King has had his lean to set off the opulent years of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, but so far from discharging his trainer or wanting to know why his horses did not win oftener, his Majesty during one of these periods of ill-fortune told Marsh "not to mind, as it was his fault in having such a bad lot of horses."

* * *

A LETTER has been received from the secretary of the M.A.A.A. Revolver Club, of Montreal, alleging that the score of 94 points made by Mr. A. Rutherford, of the Toronto Revolver Club, at a recent weekly shoot is not a Canadian record, as was stated by the local press. The letter claims that the record is held by Mr. K. D. Young, of the M.A.A.A. Revolver Club, who made a score of 95 points under the same conditions—that is, firing ten shots at a standard American target from a distance of twenty yards without a rest. This is certainly splendid shooting, and shows the skill with this weapon which is being developed in this country. Nor is it an altogether unique performance in Montreal, for the letter goes on to state that the score of 94 has several times been made at the shoots of the M.A.A.A. Revolver Club, the writer, Mr. E. G. Brewer, having one to his credit.

* * *

SOME very good boxing was witnessed in this city during the Canadian Amateur Boxing Championships. This was especially true of the finals, which were in almost every case very keenly contested. Throughout the tournament the public showed the warmest interest in the sport, and the attendance was very large. This is in some respects a very encouraging sign, as boxing is too good a game to be left to the professionals to become an occasion of brutality or graft. But the only way in which boxing can be raised to the place which it should occupy among amateur sports is by the most rigid censorship of such contests, and by resolutely barring every indication of the brutality and faking which so frequently disgrace the professional ring. Amateur boxing should mean honest exhibitions of clean sport for the fun of the game, and if this were properly insisted on the standing and popularity of the sport would be greatly raised.

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DRAMA

MISS FANNIE WARD
In "The New Lady Bantock."

THE word "unconvincing" has been very much abused, but it seems the one best fitted to express the great defect of "The World and His Wife," which William Faversham and his company are presenting at the Royal Alexandra. The play, which is a translation from the great Spanish dramatist, Jose Echegaray, is undoubtedly clever. The plot is unusual and striking, the characters are well drawn, much of the dialogue is very good, and there are some impressive situations, of which the last is the best, making a magnificent final curtain. But in spite of all these varied excellences the play is unconvincing. The motives seem too wire-drawn, the action too strained. It is difficult to enter into and sympathize with the attitude of the characters, and consequently they do not take that hold on the spectator which is the distinguishing mark of a powerful play. Of course, this may be merely due to the fact that we are Canadians while the personages of the play are Spaniards, whose widely different conditions of life lead to an equal divergence in character, manners, and customs. They may have totally different viewpoints which we are unable to wholly appreciate. But while this would explain the great defect of the play it would not remove it. And it must still be admitted that "The World and His Wife," though undoubtedly clever and well worth while, is by no means a great and moving drama of human passion.

So far as Mr. Faversham and his company are concerned, their work is on the whole quite satisfactory. But Mr. Faversham, like his play, lacks the main element of greatness, the power to move. He is a capable actor, who has had considerable stage experience and has profited by it. But he is never able to cross the great divide which separates ordinary acting from extraordinary, the work of talent and industry from the work of genius.

* * *

VARIETY is the condiment of existence, and there is at least that excuse for running "The Virginian" into the same week with the Italian Grand Opera Company. But there are other excuses, too, for the people who like that sort of play; and their numbers are more than a few, as is shown by the continued popularity of this and kindred productions. As a matter of fact, "The Virginian" is not a particularly good play, and it was not particularly well played this time. But it evidently managed to please quite a few of the people who went to see it, and this is surely a good and sufficient reason for its continued existence.

* * *

THEATRE-GOERS are at present asking themselves what will be the local result of the conflict which has just been renewed between Klaw & Erlanger and the Shuberts. After a treaty and a coalition, which proved to be little more than an armistice, they are again at daggers drawn, and both sides now announce that it is to be a fight to a finish. How is it going to affect us and the shows we get? It is still somewhat early to say definitely, but it seems as though a struggle of this kind between the leading factions in the theatrical affairs of this continent should benefit the man who goes down into his pocket for the price of seats. The great trouble of late has been precisely that there was no competition and that a gigantic organization completely controlled the dramatic world, with the exception of a small body of independents who stood out against them but were unable to make any serious impression. Such monopoly is and must be a very bad thing, and it is an encouraging sign to see the Trust divided against itself. It should mean better shows, especially in such a town as Toronto, where either side has a theatre, and where the struggle should consequently be keen for the patronage of the public. Let them go to it, the hotter the merrier, and we are pretty sure to benefit by it.

* * *

A WELL-DESERVED rebuke to the vulgar advertising methods too often used nowadays in the exploitation of theatrical celebrities was recently administered by Laurence Irving, the son of Sir Henry Irving. He is playing in Boston in a one-act piece called "Gringoire." In response to curtain-calls he made a little speech in which he said: "I am sorry to see that, by an oversight, for which no one is to blame, I have been placarded on your walls as 'the son of Sir Henry Irving.' This is a fact of which I am so very proud that I do not care to brandish it before the public eye. And I know that my father's many close personal friends in America, as well as his many admirers among the public, could only think poorly of a son who allowed his father's name, made famous through many trials, disappointments, and rebuffs, to be used as a box-office appendage to himself. If I have inherited none of my father's genius, I like to think I have at least inherited some of his sense of personal dignity, and because such a quality is not common in these days, nor in my walk of life, I think it is all the more to be clung to. Methods of advertisement that would have been repellant to my father when he was alive shall always be equally repellant to me now that he is no more."

* * *

A good many people connected in a professional way with the stage in America, says The New York Sun, appear to believe that most persons whose business it is to write about theatrical doings for the information of the public are never so displeased as when they see a new play which must be praised or a player who must be approved. Such writers, these theatrical people are firmly convinced, invariably enter a playhouse predisposed to be displeased and depart to dip their pens in gall. According to the same theory they lose hours of sleep and have no appetite for days after writing favorable notices. As a matter of fact nobody is so anxious to see a new play that is good or acting that is excellent as a person whose business takes him often to the play-house, whether he is an usher in the theatre or goes there to write about what he sees; but there are a good many reasons why these joys are comparatively scarce at present.

* * *

Some people are so grouchy, says a flippant press-agent, that if they heard a blast from Gabriel's golden trumpet announcing the millennium they would declare the local manager of the affair was offering a "No. 2 Company" simply because the name of Judas did not appear on the list of apostles.

* * *

Next Week's Bills.

Princess—"The New Lady Bantock."
Royal Alexandra — "The Mimic World."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"Gay New York."

A COMEDY by Jerome K. Jerome, "The New Lady Bantock," will be the offering at the Princess next week. The genial humorist is, of course, well known to Torontonians as a writer, but this is the first chance most of them will have to see him as a dramatist. There is, therefore, much curiosity with regard to the new play, which is said to contain an unstinted measure of the unctuous fun and sly philosophy which made famous "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" and "Three Men in a Boat."

The plot of the play is a fantastic one. It is the story of a charming music hall singer who married an eccentric young lord, only to find that the servants in her new home were all her relatives and very apt to take advantage of their relationship. The result is an amusing series of complications incident on the young wife's struggle for her rights.

Fannie Ward, a young American actress, who made quite a hit in London and has since enjoyed considerable success in her own country, plays the title role. She is assisted by that well known and capable English actor, Charles Cartwright, and a clever company.

* * *

Glorified vaudeville under the name of a "revue" is to be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra next week. "The Mimic World" is said to be a summing-up of many of the big hits of 1908, including as it does burlesques on "Girls," on John Mason in "The Witching Hour," on E. H. Southern as "Lord Dundreary," on "The Honor of the Family," "Father and the Boys," "The Thief," "The Yankee Prince," "Fifty Miles from Boston," "Mary's Lamb," "The Spring Chicken," and other familiar productions. The show—for that is what it claims to be—has also a further attraction in Gertrude Hoffman, one of America's most famous informal dress dancers. Her performance in Salome—and nothing else to speak of—aroused widespread interest. But it seems that she isn't to do any "sloming" in Toronto; and her advance agents announce her appearance in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." The scenery of the production is said to be unusually fine, and the chorus ladies to be beautiful beyond the wildest imaginings of the bald-headed row.

* * *

"Motoring," a sketch by Harry Tate, is one of the leading features of the vaudeville bill at Shea's next week. Other acts are: Netta Vesta, the Salvaggis, Crouch and Welch, and McKay and Cantwell.

* * *

"Gay New York," a musical comedy, will hold the boards at the Gayety next week. The advance agent claims for it fine scenery, catchy music, bright comedy work, and a chorus of pretty girls.

* * *

One of the interesting features of the latter part of the theatrical season here will be the coming of "An Englishman's Home," which is to follow "The New Lady Bantock" at the Princess. This play has caused such a sensation in England, and has aroused so much interest in Canada on account of its political aspect, that its coming is awaited with the greatest interest. It will be presented by the original New York company formed by Mr. Frohman some five or six weeks ago. Of this company Miss Dorothy Fraleigh, a well-known Toronto girl, the daughter of ex-Alderman Fraleigh, is a member. George M. Graham and Ernest Stallard, two other members, are also well known here through their connection with the English Stock Company which played for several months at the Royal Alexandra.

First-Nighter.

MISS EDITH OFFUTT
In "The Mimic World."

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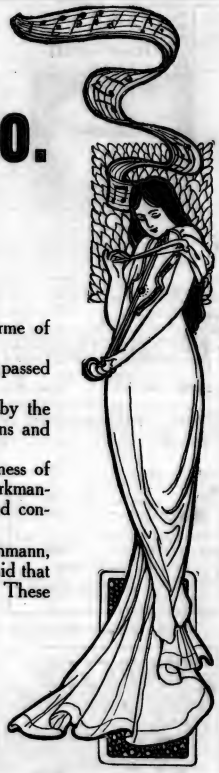

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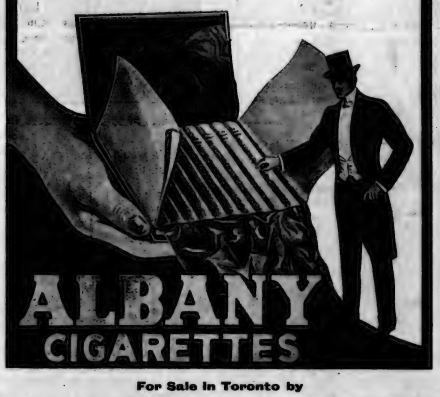

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MUSIC

It must be very gratifying to Dr. Torrington to be greeted by the large, enthusiastic audience that quite filled Massey Hall Good Friday night to hear Gounod's "Redemption" sung by the Toronto Festival Chorus and the West Toronto Festival Chorus, assisted by the Toronto Orchestra and soloists. In this city of choral music there must always be a place for the work that Dr. Torrington is doing—English oratorio. Along other lines the field is overcrowded, but in this particular branch, which is the very foundation of an English school, if there be one, the Toronto Festival Chorus and its conductor are doing worthy work. Dr. Torrington had all of his forces well in hand; so well in hand that slips on the part of one of the soloists were not noticed by the audience, although in one place the tenor anticipated an entrance by a whole measure. Dr. Torrington has always stood for the development of local material, and the local singers did not fail him. Miss Millett was in fine voice, and sang her numbers delightfully, and the same may be said of Mr. Ross, whose sonorous voice made the narrations allotted to him very effective. Miss Ashworth and Miss Scholey were also pleasing. More effective, perhaps, than all was the tenor. Mr. Strong has just the right sort of voice for this kind of work, and it would be a pleasure to hear him sing the "Messiah" and "Elijah" some time. It isn't a large voice, but it is sweet and true, and has been well trained. His enunciation is clear, and he makes the proper effect without any of the tricks so many singers resort to. He delivers his text in a simple, direct manner that appeals to the hearts of his auditors because of its sincerity.

From every standpoint the performance was a fitting close to our very busy choral season, and places Toronto under still further obligation to its Grand Old Young Man of Music.

* * *

The same night the choir of Wesley Methodist church, under the direction of Mr. G. D. Atkinson, gave Macfarlane's "The Message from the Cross," one of the best of cantatas. Mr. Atkinson is keeping his choir up to the high standard that won admiration last year. In fact, it seems now to be about the best church choir in the city. There is such an excellent balance of parts, such clean-cut enunciation and almost Mendelssohnian precision, that its work would be surprising in a city where the standard is not as high as it is here.

Miss Margaret McCoy, of Hamilton, who is one of the best sopranos hereabouts, was in splendid voice, and sang her solos beautifully; and in the obligato to the last chorus her voice rang out superbly. Mr. Marley Sherris, baritone, made a profound impression. He is a very convincing singer, because of his complete absorption in the work he has in hand. His interpretative gifts are of the highest, and he is dramatic without being theatrical. Miss Muriel Millichamp, a violin pupil of Mr. Frank Blachford, draws a beautiful tone and plays with charming refinement. Mr. Atkinson is doing a great deal to elevate the musical taste of the city, and it is pleasing to see that his church supports him so cordially.

* * *

Gaston Dethier, the Belgian-American organist, gave two magnificent recitals on the fine organ of St. Andrew's church, King and Simcoe streets, last Saturday afternoon and evening. For years Mr. Dethier held one of the most important appointments in New York, but the pressure of recital engagements and pupils compelled him to resign it last season. What was the church's loss was the public's gain, as he is undoubtedly one of the best concert organists now in America, and one worthy to rank with the best in the world. His programmes were essentially organistic; that is, he confined himself to works written for the organ. His school is French, and in a way he reminds one of Guilmant. He quite gives one the sense of an accent in the way Guilmant did. He has wonderful command of light and shade, and a fine feeling for color. Dr. Anderson has done good missionary work in bringing him here, and should feel encouraged to go on in the same way. It is said he intends to bring several prominent players from the other side to Toronto, and if they prove as welcome as Mr. Dethier, he may be proud of his enterprise.

* * *

Monday, the 19th, Marie Hall returns to Toronto, and it is to be hoped she will be greeted by an audience worthy of her at Massey Hall. She has a charm quite her own, and no matter whom else comes there is always a place for her. And Miss Basche is an artiste that makes any programme worth while.

* * *

On the 22nd, the Conservatory String Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, will give its annual concert. This is one of the training schools from which Mr. Welsman draws the material for the Symphony Orchestra, and the excellence of the strings in the latter organization is largely due to the work of Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson with the String Orchestra. Miss Madeline Carter will be the assistant soloist.

* * *

The first attempt to practically carry out the idea of the late Mr. Massey in founding Massey Hall will be a concert at the low price of 25 cents to all parts of the house, given by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The programme will be made up from the organization's now quite extensive repertoire, the principal number being Schubert's wonderful "Unfinished Symphony." In every respect the concert will be of the same order as those given earlier in the season at $1.50, and if there be a real love of good music in Toronto the house should be packed. Mr. Welsman's orchestra has compelled the admiration of such artists as De Pachmann, Gedski, and Mischa Elman, and next to the Mendelssohn Choir it is the most notable musical achievement on the continent, as it is thoroughly local. Each concert has shown unlooked for gain in quality, and if this concert is supported as it should be the committee will know how to act in future. Mr. Frank Blachford will play a concerto for the violin, and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan will sing a group of songs, so that another important feature of these popular concerts will be the opportunity it will give local artists of appearing under the most favorable auspices. If the lovers of good music will work as enthusiastically for this experimental concert as they have for the others, Mr. Cox and his associates will feel emboldened to excel anything that they have already done for the furtherance of the highest form of music.

* * *

Miss Margaret Verekers recital comes on the same night, and it will be a pleasure to hear her and also Miss Grace Smith, the charming pianiste, who made such a favorable impression at her first recital. Miss Vereker comes with the highest credentials, among them being the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and her programme has many interesting numbers. Among the novelties is a patriotic song by Mr. Percy Semon, entitled "A Song of Canada," which the composer will accompany. Miss Smith has chosen an "Air Varie," by Hadel; "Le Rappel des Diseur," by Rameau; "Nocturne Op. 55, No. 1," and "Valse Op. 42," by Chopin. Mr. T. J. Palmer will be at the piano. The recital will be in Conservatory Music Hall.

* * *

The night of the 26th Miss Edith Miller and her concert party from London, England, will appear in Massey Hall. Miss Miller has won and held so high a place for herself in the capital of the world that her fellow countrymen are on the *qui vive* to hear her again. It is several years since she was here last, and in the meantime glowing accounts of her successes have come to us; and of course we are all keen to add our share to her fame. She has been wise to thoroughly establish herself before coming home, for now there need be no fear of the lamentable breakdowns that have made the return of so many singers an experience to be dreaded. Of the other members of Miss Miller's party, reports speak very kindly.

* * *

Mrs. R J. Dilworth has also chosen the 26th for a recital, which she will give in Conservatory Hall. Mrs. Dilworth has spent the winter studying in New York under Oscar Saenger, the singing master who has given more artists to the operatic stage than any other in the world during the past few years. Mrs. Dilworth has always sung well. Her tone production was almost faultless and her musicianship of the highest, and now that she has had a season's experience under so prominent a teacher as Mr. Saenger, her friends—and she has many—may anticipate one of the best recitals of the season. Dr. Frederic Nicolai, 'cellist, is the assisting artist, and he is one who cannot be heard too often. Mrs. Blight will accompany.

* * *

The Toronto String Quartette announce an extra concert for May 4, at which Miss Margaret McCoy, of Hamilton, will assist. The programme will be a "request," and everyone will be glad to hear such charming things as the Kauckenecker, Grieg and Raff numbers, and also the Glazounof "Quartette in G," for which there has been a special request. Two movements of it, the first and the interludium, will be given As usual, the concert will be in Conservatory Music Hall.

* * *

Mr. Carl Hunter will give his second recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on the evening of May 3, when he will have the assistance of Mr. John Linden, the celebrated Scotch 'cellist. Mr. Linden has been offered an engagement with the Pittsburg Orchestra, but will probably remain with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra another season, although he will return to London for several important engagements with the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Henry Wood.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Schuch, the well-known singing master, announces the resumption of his classes after the Easter holidays on Thursday next. The success achieved by Mr. Schuch's pupils have brought him so prominently before the public that his classes are always well filled, and the closing term of this season bids fair to be the busiest he has had.

* * *

Applications are being received for membership in the children's chorus which is being organized by Dr. Vogt to take part in the performance of the "Children's Crusade" by the Mendelssohn Choir next February. Two hundred and twenty-five voices will be required, and application should be made by letter addressed to Mr. T A. Reed, secretary, 319 Markham street, stating age and whether soprano or alto voice. Full information regarding regulations for membership, time and place of tests, rehearsals, etc., will be supplied in due course.

* * *

When Sir Frederick Bridge was on tour through the wilds of Canada, we wondered what he was going to do for degrees of comparison to express his admiration for the various choirs he heard. He began in the East by likening them to the best in England, and by the time he reached us, ours was better than those at home, or words to that effect. And so impartially were these encomiums distributed, that each choirmaster felt sure his was the best. Then, as he went into the dim and outlying West, Sir Frederick created new degrees until he was stopped at Calgary, where he bestowed the silver shield donated by Dr. Charles A. E. Harriss, upon the choir of Knox church, conducted by Mr. Frank Wrigley. Mr. Wrigley now has every reason to call himself champion of champions, as he has vanquished all of the "as good as" and the "better thans" of the effete East. That Sir Frederick knew what he was doing when he made himself so variously pleasant was proven by the way the recipients of his generous praise rushed into print. Some day musicians and others will learn to let their work speak for them and not care a button what someone holding a "place" may say about it.

Another point: Why does every married British woman musician call herself "Madame" the minute she becomes a professional? In the report of Mr. Wrigley's performance of "Elijah," in the last issue of The Musical Times, the soprano and contralto are both Madamed, although their names are distinctly English. And in all the reports one reads of Madame Ashton, Madame Annie Walker, and other instances too numerous to mention.

But this is away from the original subject to which one may return long enough to congratulate Mr. Wrigley and to offer condolences to those who were good and better, but not the best.

MELOS.

At the hall of the Toronto College of Music a piano recital was given by the following pupils of Miss Gertrude V. Anderson, A.T.Coll.M.: Violet Richardson, Mrs. Mitchell, Marguerite Waddell, Muriel Millward, Perle Ramsey, Alleyne Clarke, Dorothy Davidson, Louise Westman, Edna Hayes, Firenze Gilray, Gladys Wees, Evelyn Clarke, Vera Waugh, Lynton Crocker, Murray Adams, Albert Fall. They were assisted by Miss Madeleine Hunt, contralto, pupil of Miss Olive Scholey, and Miss Margaret Field, reader (Margaret Eaton School of Expression), who gave two numbers.

MISS EDITH MILLER
The famous Canadian contralto, who has won remarkable triumphs in London and made her name celebrated in Europe. She will appear in Massey Hall on Monday evening, April 26.

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A Jarring Note.

THE REBUKE ADMINISTERED IN A WEST-END DRAWING-ROOM BY A PIANIST.

At a west-end home the other evening a young woman who had been asked by the hostess to play, suddenly stopped in the middle of a Chopin waltz and said that it was impossible for her to continue while conversation was going on. She was a girl of opinions, and while her expression of them caused a horrified silence for a few moments, every one realized that she was right. She finished the solo amid the most rapt attention. The folk who talked were not rude so much as unfortunate. They had never learned how to listen to music. That is an art. Like other arts you learn it by doing. It is necessary to hear a great deal of good music before it is possible to understand the message of the composer. But so few musicians have the technical facility for the interpretation of the great works of the great composers that one's music sense is often starved. Henceforth that need not be the case. The Gourlay-Angelus will supply the deficiency. The Angelus is a pneumatic piano-player, and more. It has devices of such delicacy attached that the operator can phrase with the same facility as Hoffman or any other great virtuoso. A person who by means of the Angelus had become familiar with the compositions of Chopin or Beethoven would never bring down upon his head the rebuke administered by the young woman of the west-end. When artists of eminence such as E H. Lemare, the great organist, unequivocally endorse the Angelus, it is time for ordinary folk to realize that here is a means of musical education which is worthy of consideration. In Canada the Angelus is sold as an interior part of the famous Gourlay piano. The combination is a most happy one, and can be seen and heard in the Yonge street warerooms of Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming.

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THE "Talk to Mothers" was over, and the earnest settlement worker was having an informal chat with the members of her audience over a cup of tea.

"I never come here but what I hear something real useful," said the mother of six small Doughertys.

"I am glad to hear that," said the settlement worker, cordially. "Was there really anything to help you today? I felt so tired, and what I said seemed very stupid."

"Indeed, 'twas fine," Mrs. Dougherty assured her. "And when you spoke about the difference between children and the difference between plants, you said, 'You put your heliotropes and geraniums in the sun to grow, but the fuchsia needs the shade,' says you. And there I've got a lovely fuchsia in a present on my birthday, and I never knew what ailed it to be getting so poor-looking, and 'tis because I've had it right out in the sun! You'll never find me missing one of the 'Talks to Mothers' unless I'm sick in my bed."

* * *

Lady—"Oh! Porter, doesn't that train stop at this station?"

Porter (proud of the line and of the 4.40 express)—"No, lady. It don't even 'esitate."

—The Bystander.

* * *

HOWARD DUBOIS, the noted mining engineer, told a good story to a class of technical students recently illustrating the "art" of salting a diamond mine. The story was told of a man in South Africa who while walking one day over his property suggested that they assay some of the soil.

In the search that ensued eight rough diamonds were found and offers began to fly through the air at a rapid rate for the land, when the host's wife called out to her husband:

"Why, John, where are the other two?"

The sequel of the story was left to the imagination.

* * *

SAGES assembled in the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

* * *

LORD LUCAS, who is so ably supporting Mr. Haldane in the Territorial scheme, tells a good story of a teacher in a Midland town noted for his patriotic fervor. One day he was explaining to his class what he thought was a sad lack of the proper spirit in the average English boy.

"Now, Tommy," he said, "tell us what you would think if you saw a Union Jack waving proudly over the field of battle?"

"I should think," was the logical reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing."

* * *

LITTLE Davey Sloan is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, mother, what was it the cat wanted to know?"

OF the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine, the former's style was gorgeously verbose, while the latter's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day, Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine.

Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout way: "I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

* * *

THERE is excuse for hesitancy in accepting proffered information under extraordinary conditions.

"All the latest popular novels," sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of "The Guest of Quesnay" to a prosperous looking passenger, he urged:

"Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?"

The man looked annoyed. "No! I am Booth Tarkington himself."

"Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"

* * *

A LAWYER by the name of Mayne, who was a highly respected but decidedly heavy person, had risen to a judgeship, while Jeffrey Keller, who had entered on his legal career at about the same time with Mayne, but was more noted as a wit than as a lawyer, was still much in want of clients and fees. The latter was in a courtroom one day, when Mayne was solemnly presiding, and he turned to a friend who sat beside, and plucked at his sleeve.

"See there!" he whispered; "there sits Mayne, risen by his gravity, and here sits Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to *that*, I'd like to know?"

* * *

A FRIEND of the late Lord Granville, noted for his baldness and avarice, was speaking one day about a mutual friend who was going to be married.

"I would like to give him, my lord," said he, "something rare but not expensive."

"Present him a lock of your hair," Granville whispered, sweetly.

* * *

Mistress—Was it a lady who called this afternoon?

Servant—Oh, yes'm, a perfect lady; smuvvered in joolery and smelt o' sherry.

—The Tatler.

* * *

A STUDENT at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him:

"Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

* * *

JOHN BRIGHT used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him:

"You 'ave a large 'ead, sir; it's a good thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

IN his new book, "Just Irish," Charles Battell Loomis notes that practically all hotels in Ireland—even those in small towns—have hot and cold water baths. Then he says:

I heard a bathing story from a vivacious Irish lady at an evening gathering that may never have seen American printer's ink.

She said that in former times a lady stopping at a primitive hotel in the west of Ireland asked for a bath. She was told by the maid that a colonel was performing his ablutions in the room in which the bathing pan was set.

"But he'll not be long, I'm thinkin', miss," said the maid.

This lady waited awhile in her room, and at last growing impatient, she stepped out into the hall and found the maid with her eye to the keyhole of the bathroom.

On hearing the lady's footstep she turned around quite unabashed and said: "He'll be ready in a minute, miss. He's just after gettin' out of the tub."

Mr. Loomis says that this story was told him in a drawing-room with many young people present, so it must be true. But candor compels him to add that he observed nothing of the kind on his own trip

* * *

THE Georgians of Augusta are chuckling over a new story about Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft, it seems, drove out one afternoon to see a Georgia planter. The planter's cook, a very old woman, takes no interest in public affairs, and she did not recognize the portly guest.

"What did you think of that gentleman, Martha?" the planter asked, after Mr. Taft had driven off.

"Well, sir," old Martha replied, "I can't say as I saw nothin' perticklar about him. He looked to me like the kind of man as would be pretty reg'lar to his meals."

* * *

WHEN Mr. Arnold Daly produced Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Candida" he not only made himself known as an actor-manager, but he discovered the talent of Miss Louise Closser, who distinguished herself as Prossy, the typewriter, in that production. One night during a "wait" Miss Closser was telling Mr. Daly of her many efforts to secure an engagement under different well-known managers.

"Just twelve years ago," she said, "I finished my career in a school of acting. I made up my mind that I would be so persistent in my efforts to see the managers that I would be engaged on account of my pluck, if nothing else. So resolved, I put on my most becoming hat and gown and sallied forth to Mr. Frohman's office.

"'Is Mr. Frohman in?' I inquired of the impish office boy; they are always impish, but this one was more so than usual.

"'No, he's out,' said the boy.

"'Very well,' I replied; 'I will wait until he comes back.'

"I sat down; an hour passed. I asked for a morning paper; another hour; people came and went. But I never moved. The office imp went for his lunch, and came back, but there I sat firm in my purpose. Another hour. I was getting hungry. The office boy gave me impish looks. I was still more determined. Three o'clock. I weakened.

"'Do you think Mr. Frohman will be back to-day?' I feebly inquired.

"'Not unless there's been an accident,' he blurted.

"'Why?' I snapped.

"'He sailed for Europe this morning.'"

"And that was your first experience in a manager's office?" asked Mr. Daly quizzically.

"Yes," said Miss Closser. "Don't you think I'm telling the truth?"

"I know you are," he replied, "for I was that office boy."

* * *

FREDERICK REMINGTON, the illustrator, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like 'em? Say! I've got two maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can *knit* better pictures than those!"

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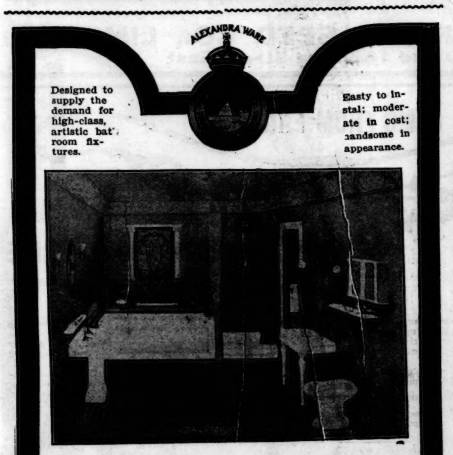

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From all Chemists and Perfumers

Lady Gay's Column

"THANK you," said the little woman, simply, "for a happy day," and she trotted off to her home, leaving a feeling of warmth and pleasantness behind her! What had made the day happy for her I am not sure I know. Some touch of sympathy, some harmony of thought, maybe, or just the "homey" feeling that people says lurks in the sky-parlor, perhaps, made her simple happiness. She will never come into the little den any more. I shall never gather her kisses or feel her firm hand clasp. I am glad sometimes that she happened to say that, so unaffectedly and heartily, the last time she went away. It is very soothing to a sense of loss, of friend, comrade, protegee, relative, whoever it may be, to have known one has given them even one "happy day!"

One of the letters which used to come to the Correspondence Column sometimes makes an untimely appearance in my mail. One which touches on a subject largely in need of sane consideration is on the table this morning. A young but not ignorant housekeeper writes to know "What am I to do, Lady Gay? The wife of the manager of the institution in which my husband is engaged has asked us to dinner. It was such a grand banquet, eight or nine courses, and such lovely silver and glass and flowers. Now, my husband says the manager told him he hoped we would ask him some night to our small home, but I am afraid to do it. My husband says our cooking is ever so much better than what we got at the grand banquet, and that he is sure they'd enjoy it. I've always been good at cooking plain things, but I couldn't get up a big dinner, such as they had. Would it be perfectly awful to give them just four courses, as nicely as I could, and should I ask her formally or send a little note? I want them, if they want to come, but I just don't dare." There's nothing the matter with that woman and that letter but lack of self-value. Personally, I am quite sure nine out of ten of the people who give grand banquets would enjoy the four good things well cooked, which the young housekeeper is scared to offer to her husband's manager and his wife. Mind you, I and the young housekeeper insist upon the wife, and it is she of whom we are scared. We both know that the jovial old party who hinted at an invitation wants to be kind, and perhaps he has talked it over with his wife. I said "perhaps," which brings me to the answer I want to give to the young housekeeper. If, when she calls on the wife, as of course she must, *visites de digestion* being society's good manners, she finds that lady very friendly and genial, she might very modestly enquire if the manager and the wife would honor her culinary skill, and come to dinner some evening when they are disengaged. I can see how prettily and hesitatingly a wise and diplomatic young housekeeper could put this proposition! I can see the wife kindly consenting, and being very nice about it too, and I can imagine the little house spic and span with new things and a few nice flowers, a good waitress in for the evening, a flustered and red cheeked little maid to help the company off with its cloak and gasp at its twinkling jet. And I can almost taste the bland cream soup, the tender joint, the salad crisp, the mayonnaise like velvet, and the pudding or pastry a marvel of lightness, and everything as far above restaurant or even "chef" cooking, for a certain rich simplicity, as the heaven above the earth. And I can see the manager enjoying himself and the wife looking contented, when the "crown of a good dinner," clear and black, sends fragrance from the tiny egg-shell coffee-cups. It will seem very simple and natural, I have no doubt, if the young housekeeper is dignified and the host keeps his pleasure in the background, until the august presences have taken themselves unto their own abode!

Personally, I must confess that the meal of all others which delighted me most in my life, was eaten in a cottage like a swallow's nest on a ledge of overhung cliff, where the whole Atlantic from there to West Ireland rolled below, just round the corner. We had weird things to eat, but a hostess whose beautiful eyes shone with pleasure and hospitality, a host whose simple manliness was a study in fine manners, and six "little steps of stairs" who sat respectfully about on small stools or any odd and end of furniture and feasted their senses on "stranger ladies" until they forgot their bread and molasses! Not the meal but the atmosphere made its memory eternal.

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

RELIGIOUS duties took up the attention of everybody last week, and the few social events which transpired were of a very quiet character. Small and informal teas were the principal form of gathering, and several of these were given in special honor of Miss Susie Cambie who, throughout the week, continued to be much sought after by her host of friends here. After spending the last few days of her stay with Mrs. Fred White in Besserer street, she left for Montreal at the week end. On Monday a very *recherche* luncheon was given in her honor at the Golf Club by several of our principal hostesses, among them being Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Edith Powell, and others. On the afternoon of the same day, Mrs. Barrett Dewar entertained at the tea-hour for the same popular guest, and on Tuesday Mrs. Crombie also made Miss Cambie her guest of honor at a very smart little tea of about thirty guests, among whom were Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Dorothy Onslow, Miss Margaret Lyttleton, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Miss Dorothy Chipman of Winnipeg, Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Mrs. Edward Grant, Miss Chadwick, Miss Elsie Ritchie. Miss Marguerite Crombie did the honors of the tea-table One of Monday's enjoyable teas was given by Mrs. Fred Paget in special honor of Mrs. Henry Duggan of Toronto, who returned to the Queen City on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Fleming, of Toronto, with her children, is staying at Rockliffe Manor House with Mr. Thos. C. Keefer; Mrs. Kenneth Fenwick, of Kingston, is spending Eastertide with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Pennington Macpherson; Mrs. Leonard Vaux has arrived from Halifax, and will remain a month with her mother, Mrs. Sparks, en route to Winnipeg, to which city Major Vaux has recently been transferred. He will join Mrs. Vaux shortly. Mrs. Priest, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Broderick, in Wilbrod street; Mrs. and Miss Murray, of Scotland, are again the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant in Blackburn ave., and Capt. and Mrs. Alan Palmer, of Kingston, are with Mrs. Palmer's parents, Col. and Mrs. Irwin, in Cooper street.

Mrs. Frank Oliver, who every week during the season gives additional pleasure to her legions of friends in the way of most congenial gatherings, entertained twice last week, the first event being an exceedingly bright tea on Tuesday. Her guests of honor were Lady Evelyn Grey, Lady Dorothy Onslow, and Miss Margaret Lyttleton. Madame Lemieux and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber presided over the tea and coffee urns, and some of those present were Mrs. Alan B. Aylesworth, Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Miss Lucy Kingsford, Miss Norah Gwynne of Toronto, the Misses Fielding, Miss Norah Lewis, Miss Dorothy Chipman, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Moylan, Count Von Nettlebladt, and a number of our prettiest young girls as well as several popular young men. On Thursday evening Mrs. Oliver was the hostess of a small but delightful musicale at which about thirty guests were present, and those who sang or played were Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Dr. Thos. Gibson, Mrs. George Patterson Murphy, and Mrs. Mayno Davis.

The Easter holidays have as usual brought many homecomers and visitors to the Capital, and among them is a small army of stalwart cadets from the Royal Military College, Kingston, including Cadet Frank Codville, who brought with him Cadets Allan Wilmot of Vancouver, B.C., McDowell of Victoria, B.C., and Woodman of Winnipeg, and also Cadets Charles Reade, Noel Reiffenstein, Donald White, Tom Graves and Omer Cote.

Next week it is expected that quite a large contingent of Ottawans will take a trip to Montreal in connection with the Earl Grey Musical Trophy Competition, which will commence on the night of the 19th at His Majesty's Theatre in that city. The local competition in the Capital has resulted in the choice of The Ottawa Players Club, and the Walters Dramatic Company, to represent Ottawa in the dramatic line, and the holders of the Musical trophy, the orchestra of the Ottawa Conservatory of Music, under the directorship of Mr. Donald Heins, will go to Montreal to defend the much coveted trophy. A very enjoyable week is promised, judging by the interesting list of productions which are on the programme, which includes three talented companies from Toronto.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 12, 1909.

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SOCIETY

Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Miss Florence Lillian McGlashan, of Niagara Falls, and Mr. Norman Baldwin Stark, of Toronto. The ceremony will take place in Christ church, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on Wednesday evening, April 28.

Mrs. Gerrie-Smith, of Calgary, and Mrs. Murton, of Hamilton, are spending a few days with friends in Toronto.

On March 29, Mr. J. Oswald Harrison, at one time of Toronto and Weston, was fatally injured by a motor 'bus while walking on the sidewalk on High street, Putney, London, England. He lingered two hours, but never regained consciousness. He leaves a wife, formerly Mrs. Edward Miles, daughter of the late Rev. W. A. Johnson, Weston, Ont., who is sister of Mrs. C. Falconer Miles and Dr. A. Jukes Johnson, Toronto.

The marriage of Mademoiselle Jeanne Taschereau, daughter of Sir Henri Taschereau, and Mr. Forbes D. Sutherland, took place on Wednesday, April 14, in Montreal, and was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's father, 226 Sherbrooke street west, at five o'clock.

Mr. Shannon, manager of the Standard Bank, Chatham, and his mother spent Easter in Toronto.

Mr. Wilfrid Duggan, who is now in the Cornwall branch of the Sterling Bank, came up for Easter with his people in Huron street.

Mr. W. Grant Morden spent Easter in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Draper Dobie have taken Mr. Gooderham's house, 83 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mr. Frank Jones was in Ottawa visiting his relatives for Easter.

Mr. Stuart Greer visited Hamilton during the Easter holidays.

Mr. Goad, who has been in Valparaiso, suffered a paralytic stroke a short time ago. His son and another relative are bringing the invalid through the Straits of Magellan route to England, and Mrs. Goad will meet them in Liverpool.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, of Ottawa, was in town the other day for a flying visit to a sick relative of her husband.

Theatre parties have been all the rage this week, and good plays are on at both theatres.

Several dinners for out of town guests have been given this week. A peculiar contretemps occurred to one stranger who was driven by mistake of a cabman to the house of a relative of his host, who was also giving a dinner for a friend of his son, visiting in Toronto for the holidays. The stranger gazed about for his host, but was quickly greeted by the hostess laughingly upbraided for being late, and bidden take her in to dinner, which had been waiting for him. As he knew he was in ample time, the unfortunate stranger was terribly embarrassed, and imagine his consternation when the real guest of honor, who had missed his way on the train, turned up. It was a rush to the phone and a call for a carriage and a wild flight to the other house by the very wrathy and disconcerted guest, who had usurped quite innocently the place of the tardy one, and was in turn horribly late also.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

COOK—On Good Friday, April 9, 1909, at 262 Rusholme road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Cook, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ARMSTRONG-WHITE—On Monday, the 12th inst., at St. James' Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Welch, Alfred Archibald Armstrong, M.A., Oxford, of Port Dalhousie, to Rose Catherine White, of St. Alban's, England, youngest daughter of the late Samuel White, of Beltring, Kent, England.

COX-STERLING—At 206 Carlton street, Toronto, on Wednesday, April 14, 1909, by the Rev. George Jackson, assisted by Rev. Prof. Wallace, Senator George A. Cox to Amy Gertrude, eldest daughter of Walter Sterling, Esq.

THAYER-BALL—At the residence of the bride's father, 187 Victoria avenue, Chatham, on the 2nd of April, 1909, by the Rev. Lawrence Skey, of St. Anne's church, Toronto (cousin of the bride), J. M. Grover Thayer, only son of Ira B. Thayer, Esq., Toronto, to Edith Maud, youngest daughter of William Ball, Esq., of Chatham.

DEATHS.

LAING—At his residence, 105 Bedford road, Toronto, on Wednesday, April 14, 1909, suddenly, of heart failure, John Burnett Laing, Provincial Municipal Auditor, in the 72nd year of his age.

MACDONALD—At 133 Balmoral avenue, on Tuesday morning, April 13, Annie Elizabeth, widow of the late Hon. John Macdonald.

BICKNELL—At his late residence, 632 Huron street, Toronto, on Monday, the 12th April, 1909, Hugh Harry Bicknell, barrister, formerly of Hamilton, Ont., in his 36th year.

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3

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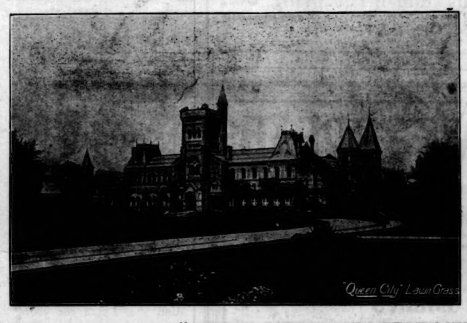

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The Gnaggs Go to a Show

Mr. Gnagg Explaining How to Make Haste, But at the Same Time Explaining Gently the Wifely Duty of Preparing All Things That the Man May Need Without Halting Her Own Preparation. :: :: :: :: :: ::

MR. Gnagg, having purchased theatre tickets, lends his aid to Mrs. Gnagg in her efforts to get ready:

Suppose we try to get to this show before the first act is over, eh? We can do it, you know, if you take just one of two tucks in that dwadling habit of yours. Just energize a little, that's all. Get kind of a move on. This thing of getting to the theatre when the curtain's up on the second act and sprawling all over folks that've settled themselves to watch what's going on on the stage may be all right from your angle of vision, but it doesn't suit me worth a cent. I don't dig up two dollars apiece for theatre tickets for that purpose.

It hadn't ought to take you any two hours and a half at this stage of the game to get ready for the theatre, you know. That sort of thing may be all right for—er—well, for young women, women that've still got their market to make and all that kind of business, but there's no special reason that I know of why you should spend all of these hours primping and preening and fixing like these roaring, raging, ramping, alleged beauties that we see the pictures of in the newspapers. You've made your catch, you know, such as it is. I am fully aware, of course, that you don't regard it as much of a catch, and that you cling to the fond conviction that you could have done about eighteen thousand per cent. better, but we'll let that pass. The point is that we want to reach this show to-night in time to see some of it.

The way to get ready is to get ready. You don't have to go gyrating and cavorting around to get ready. Take it easy, but be on the job of getting ready steadily and persistently and you can do it all right. Don't let anything else interfere with your business of getting ready. That's my system, perhaps you have perceived. I can, maybe you've noticed, go along coolly and resolutely getting ready for any sort of an occasion and extract keen, contemplative pleasure from the smoking of a cigar at the same time. It's all a matter of poise. It's all a matter of—

By the way, before depositing that mujik crown of fictitious hemp called a "rat" on your head you might stick the buttons in a dress shirt for me. That's one job I hate, sticking buttons in a dress shirt. By the way, why couldn't you have done that to-day? You knew we were going to the theatre this evening. Couldn't you have taken about two minutes of the hours and hours of the day that you customarily devote to sitting with your hands in your lap studying the wall paper pattern—couldn't you have helped me a little bit, if only out of a sense of duty, by putting the buttons in a dress shirt for me to-day? Oh, well, that's a vain question I know. All of my questions bearing on such topics are vain. They must be because they never do a particle of good.

What shall you wear? Well, that's a great question. How do I know? And if I did know, and advised you is there one chance in nine million that you'd take my advice? Nary chance! I'm all through with that sort of advising. You just ask me a question like that so that when you get my answer you can copper it. Coppering it means doing exactly the opposite thing. Wear any old thing. It doesn't make any difference. You're not going to the theatre, as I understand it, to make a hit and to compete with the gilded butterflies of fashion that you'll see there, but to witness a show. Isn't that it? Very well. Wear the first thing that you put your hands on. It's all the same. I'm not a costumier, anyhow. You hadn't ought to expect me to keep this plant a-going and to serve as toilette adviser and lady's maid and social secretary and all that sort of thing too.

By the way, here you are asking me what you should wear, when only a couple of days ago you were telling me that you didn't have a rag to your back. How about that? If you haven't a rag to your back, how the dickens is it that you're all in a stew and a flutter to find out what you'd better put on to go to a show? If you don't call that a dead giveaway I'd like to know what you do call it. Just goes to prove the contention that I've been making right along, that you've got so blamed many duds that you don't know where to put 'em.

Well, well, please don't stand there rubbing your chin about it. Have you forgotten, by the way, that I requested you a few moments ago to put the buttons in a shirt for me? Very well. Then why not get at that before worrying yourself to death about what you're going to wear out of your immense assortment of wearables? Be good enough to remember, however, hereafter that you won't have any chance whatever to get away with it in the future when you try to spring that old plaint of yours about not having a rag to your back. I think I'll just jot down a memorandum in my note book to the effect that on such and such a date—this date, that is—you owned up to it that you had so many clothes that you didn't know what to do with 'em all.

By the way, I believe there is a sort of an understanding between us, isn't there, that we're going to the theatre to-night? Then why the deuce don't you get ready? D'ye call standing there with your hair flying all over your shoulders getting ready? D'ye think——How's that? Oh, you're looking for a dress shirt for me, are you? Oh, very well. Looking for one, eh? Do you have to get out a search warrant and a writ of replevin in order to find a dress shirt for me? Don't you know where they're kept? Maybe they're up on the roof. Perhaps the janitor has 'em down in his store room. Perhaps—— Oh, you have the shirt, but it's the buttons you're looking for, eh? Well, the buttons can't be more than ten thousand miles away, you know. I haven't made any trips to the east coast of Zanzibar wearing a dress shirt that I know of, and so—— O, you've found 'em, have you? Great! You're the wonderful little finder all right! Now suppose you get a kind of a wiggle on and make a start anyhow, toward getting ready for the theatre.

Don't get so flustrated about it either. Take it coolly. The trouble with you is that when you're going anywhere you proceed to get yourself all worked up about it and then your fingers become all thumbs and——

Look a-here, where's my patent leathers? Huh? No, they're not under the bed. No, they're not in the closet either. They're nowhere, that's where they are. If they're anywhere in this room then I'll eat 'em, that's all. I guess the ashman has got 'em by this time. Probably you sent 'em down in the dumbwaiter under the impression that they were empty milk bottles. Perhaps you donated 'em to i'eary to go to the North Pole in. Whatever you did with 'em, they're— What's that? They're right here where I'm standing, beneath the couch? Then why the dickens didn't you say so in the first place? D'ye call this getting ready? D'ye——

Well, it's kind of a wonder that you wouldn't have sent these shoes out to be polished, that's all I've got to say. Of course I know that it's an outrage and a crime for a man to expect his wife to do anything so menial and degrading as to ask the elevator boy to take a pair of shoes down to the shoe polishing stand, but still a man that has to slave and grind all day ought to have a few little allowances, to my way of——

Now, see here, is that as far along as you've got—just beginning to put on your shoes? What time d'ye suppose this show begins, anyhow? Midnight? You might just as well understand here and now, because I say it flatly, that if we don't reach the theatre to-night in time to see the beginning of this show, why, the present occasion'll be about all of the show attending this family'll indulge during the remainder of the season of 1909. I've made an earnest and laborious effort to get you keyed up to the notion that the only way to see a play understandingly is to see it from the beginning, and if I've fallen down in that attempt, why——

Huh! Look at these trousers! They look as if they hadn't been pressed since the battle of New Orleans! What have you been doing to 'em, anyhow? Using 'em for a bath mat or a dust rag? I'll be a nice looking countryman going out in a pair of dress trousers like these, won't I? Oh, well, there's no use. Same old thing year in and year out. I've been trying to intimate gently to you for more years than I care to think about, that on the day after a man takes off his evening clothes it's a pretty good thing to send the evening clothes out to be pressed so's they'll be in shape for him to wear the next time, but I've got a swell chance to get away with anything like that, haven't I?

Look here, when are you going to begin to get some clothes on, anyhow? D'ye know what time it is? Or maybe you're——Oh, now I have it: You're purposely delaying so that at the last minute you think I'll conclude that the only way we can reach the show in time is to take a taxicab. Well, if that's your idea, be good enough to forget it right away quick.

Where's my white ties? Huh? No, they're not in this drawer. If they were in this drawer d'ye think I'd stand here and—— Oh, they're under all the rest of the riot of ties in the drawer. hey? Sure! Certainly! Everything that I want to put my hands on when I'm getting ready to go anywhere is intentionally put under something. It's a wonder you didn't put my dress ties under the dresser itself. It's a wonder you——

How do I think your hair looks? Why, just about like all other hair, doesn't it? Hair's hair, isn't it? You can't expect me to enthuse and turn handsprings and somersaults and things over that mass of kidney looking things that you've got welded onto the back of your head, can you? Anyhow, what the deuce difference does it make what I think of your hair? I did my thinking about your hair long years ago, and I can't be expected to melt into poesy or to burst into tears every time that you pile about fourteen pounds of——

Huh! Just as I thought! This dress vest looks as if it had been worn by a hired man in Kansas during the threshing season. What a fool I am to go on bleating about these things. My bleats do a fine lot of good, I guess not.

Oh, say, who put all these wrinkles in this evening coat of mine, anyhow? What've you been doing with it? What the——

Oh, now you want me to button you down the back, do you? Sure! It's just like you to wear some crazy thing that got to be buttoned down the back when you've fizgigged around until there's only about a two minute margin left for us to reach the theatre in time!

Now stand still for about a billionth of a second won't you? How'm I going to get these dinged buttons—— By the way, why don't you use smaller buttons on the back of your clothes, anyhow? These are too big. They're fully as large as the head of a pin and I'm dead sure that is bad form. You ought to have 'em so that they could only be seen with the aid of a microscope. Now, here, wait a minute. Are you going to stand still or aren't you? Stop that wriggling and twisting and turning around.

Gosh, how I love this job of buttoning people down the back anyhow. How do women make out that haven't got anybody around to button 'em down the back? They have to button themselves, don't they? They don't call up police headquarters or the fire department and ask that somebody be sent up right away on a dead gallop to button 'em down the back, do they?

Oh, no, of course I don't mind it. I'm crazy over it. I'm a perfect bug on the subject of buttoning you down the back, particularly when I know that the orchestra is just about tuning up for the overture at the show I'm going to. Say, what d'ye do with this bottom hewgag? Oh, that's a hook and eye, is it? Well, where's the eye? I can binocular a hook all right, but where in the confounded blazes is the eye?

Oh, here it is. Humph! That's the hardest job I've done for a month o' Sundays, and if you want to please me you'll just toss away all those infernal clothes that have to be buttoned down the back.

Well, are you ready? Huh? I said, are you ready? Come on, then! I said, Come on! Never mind putting on your gloves. You can put 'em on in the street. Put 'em on any old place. Just come on, that's all! Here I've spent my whole time, ever since I started to get ready myself, dressing you, and still you're not ready. Now, look a-here, are you going to come on or aren't you?—New York Sun.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, 4.05 P.M. AND 6.10 P.M. DAILY.

Via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley (the only double-track route). The 4.05 p.m. carries Buffet-Parlor-Library car and elegant coaches to Buffalo, and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper Toronto to New York, and Parlor-Library-Cafe car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleepers Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, Phone Main 4209.

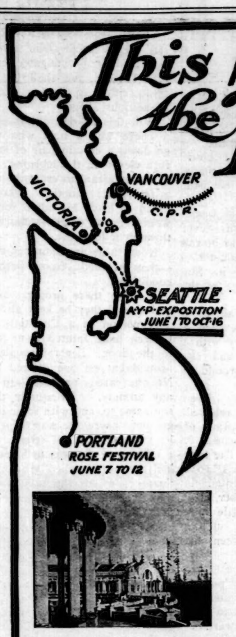
Dolan—So Casey was running me down an' ye stood up for me? Callahan—Oi did; Oi siz to him, "Casey," siz Oi, "ye're honest and truthful an' ye're no coward—and ye work hard an' pay yer dibts—an' ye don't get drunk an' lick yer woife—but in other respects ye're no better than Dolan!" —Puck.

An attractive art sale of 90 water Color paintings (mostly al Canadian subjects), by Marmaduke Matthews, R.C.A., will take place Tuesday, 20th April, at 2.30, at C. M. Henderson's Art Gallery, 87-89 King street east Catalogue on application.

"Do you mean to say you are going back to the bicycle?"

"Yes," answered the speed maniac. "The police are so busy watching automobiles that a man on a bicycle ought to be able to scorch as much as he chooses these days."—Washington Star.

This Summer the Pacific Coast is more than ever attractive



THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle—"the Fair that will be ready"—will be a revelation to Eastern visitors. This latest of world's fairs exploits the resources of Alaska and the Pacific Coast.

And apart from it, what could be more delightful or of greater educational value than this summer's trip to the Coast? Picture the wonderful journey; by rail or lake steamer to Fort William, through the Western wheat and Prairie lands and a day in the Rockies, viewing the grandest mountain scenery in the world. Then from Vancouver to Seattle an interesting water trip, by C.P.R. 19-knot steamer.

The Canadian Pacific is the logical line to use. It is the most direct and makes the best time, there is no finer train service, and the summer rates are the lowest obtainable.

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The 1900 Motor Washers are now at work in thousands of homes. They are doing the work formerly done by women, at a cost of 2 cents a week for power! Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving worlds of wash-day troubles. Leaving the women free to do other work while the machines are doing the washing.

The "1900 Motor" Washer Washes a Tubful in Six Minutes

HANDLES HEAVY BLANKETS OR DAINTY LACES

The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Washer with either Electric Motor or Water Motor. You turn on the power as easily as you turn on the light, and back and forth goes the tub, washing the clothes for dear life. And it's all so simple and easy that overseeing its work is mere child's play.

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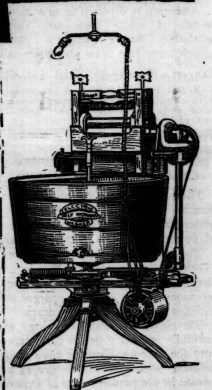
1900 Water Motor Washer Can be connected with any water tap instantly

S. N. U. BACH, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

The above offer is not good in Toronto or suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district. (1508)



Martell's THREE STAR BRANDY

Flint & Kent

Best Spring Fashions in Women's Gowns

Only the best custom tailors and dressmakers equal in their work the made-up gowns shown in our suit section.

So well fashioned are they, that a well proportioned figure may be fitted with slight alterations.

The newest and finest fabrics, the choicest trimmings and the best workmanship, together with the highest skill and taste in designing are combined in the finer gowns. While in the less costly and most moderate priced garments, there are always combined the best fashions in design, with excellence of fabrics and workmanship.

Beautifully Modeled Costumes on artistic lines and of distinctive style, $35 to $105.

Silk Dresses—$25, $35, $45.

Of pongee, foulard and messaline silks and silk poplin. Princess style with braid, hand embroidery and lace trimmings. Attractive styles for street or house wear.

Street Dresses—$20, $25, $45.

One-piece styles shown in panama, serge, worsted and diagonal cloths, in the most desired plain colors and stylish checks.

Women's Fine Tailored Suits

Best of the spring styles. Following the new Parisian models, but modified to meet the demands of the less extreme taste.

Tailor-made Suits—$35, $45, $55.

Men's-wear and worsted fabrics. Slightly cutaway sack coats with new gored skirts. Superior excellence of cut and finish.

White Serge Suits—$35, $45.

Particularly fine grade of serge, fashionable models.

Waist Section

Special Value in Lingerie Waists at $1.50, $2, $2.50.

10 decidedly new styles.

Attention is directed to new assortments of white lawn and batiste washable waists, lingerie styles, which have just been placed on sale.

Lingerie Waists—$5, $7.50, $10, $15.

Of fine batiste, crepon or marquisette with cluny, valenciennes embroidery and hand embroidered trimmings. Beautiful and exclusive styles.

Second floor

Women's Undergarments

Children's and Infants' Section

The present styles in women's dress demand great care in modeling their undergarments, so that here Fashion plays more than its customary part.

The superior character of the underclothing provided here, in its shape, material, ornamentation and workmanship, is at once apparent and satisfies the most critical women.

The materials and trimmings are carefully selected; better cloth enters into the making, patterns have ample fullness, while the models are as accurate in the requirements of fashion, as are the outergarments.

White Petticoats, exceptional values, $1, $1.25, $1.50 to $2.50.
Night Gowns—exceptional values, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 to $5.
Night Gown novelties, $5 to $12.50.
Combination Corset Cover and Drawers, $2 to $12.50.
Combination Corset Cover and Short Petticoat, $2 to $16.50.
Princess Slips, $2.50 to $25.
Matched Sets, Night Gown with Combination Corset Cover and Drawers, $3.50 to $25.
Kimonos and House Gowns, of dotted Swiss and figured lawn, $3.50 to $10.
Children's Reefers, 2, 3, 4 year sizes, $4.50 to $10.00.
"Mob" Caps, fancy straw with ribbon and flowers, $1.50 to $2.
"Poke," "Normandie" and "Grannie" Bonnets, $3.75 to $10.
Baby Bonnets, French models, hand made, $3.50 to $5.
Straw Hats, Mushroom, Sailor, etc., $3.75 to $10.
Infants' Complete Outfits.

Second floor

Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Requests for samples should state fabric, color preference and approximate price.

$5 purchases, Express paid, within 150 miles of Buffalo.

We refund railway fares in accordance with the regulations of the Retail Merchants' Board. Full details will be mailed upon request.

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Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies

Done up like new by

The Yorkville Laundry

47 Elm Street.

HOW JIM FOUND HIMSELF

(*Continued from page 9.*)

effect on Jim was prodigious, for he sprang back a full yard in wild panic.

"Oh, heavens," sighed Frank, "is that what you call makin' a bluff? Can't—can't ye do better than that?" and then to encourage Jim he made believe to run away.

Jim took after him in a half-hearted manner, obviously anxious never to catch up with him. And as he ran he glanced back over his shoulder to see how his wife was taking it. She was almost crying with rage at the performance.

"I'll get a divorce!" she shrieked. "I'll never live with—with such a brute—to insult me this way with a dirty big loafer—I'll—" and she dashed Jim's coat on the ground in her rage.

This was the last straw. Even Jim's downtrodden spirit rebelled. There comes a time in the affairs of even the meekest man, when he is fit for cannibal orgies of fury. The time had come for James. Frank's broad back was temptingly presented to him, and before that beefy joker knew what had happened, the little man raced after him, made a running jump, and lit right between his shoulders.

When a man is running and he receives one hundred and fifty pounds of leaping bone and muscle square in the back, one thing is bound to happen. That man shoots forward as though fired from a catapult, and when he hits ground he throws up a furrow like a subsoil plow. Frank did.

"What the—" he roared and then his features disappeared in the rich loam.

Jim was astride his back and the advantage was too tempting for him to be fair. Besides his blood was up. The memory of wrongs patiently endured from boyhood surged up in him, and he burned to avenge the countless slurs which had gone unanswered, the many blows which had been unreturned. He saw red. With one hand grasping his huge adversary's back hair, he pummeled him unmercifully with the other. Frank turned and twisted and struggled with all the power of his big body, but it was no use. Jim had the position, and he also had a very considerable share of wiry strength. Besides he was tasting power and the joy of conflict for the first time in all his meek existence. For the moment he was invincible.

Suddenly he came to himself. His fury passed as quickly as it had come; and from rage he felt his spirits turn to a sickly fear. He staggered to his feet, and stood gasping as Frank slowly raised his battered features out of the mould which they had formed in the ground. Jim realized the horror of his crime and the extent of his madness, and he stood with trembling lips waiting for the annihilation which he felt sure would be his portion at the hands of the enraged giant.

Frank tottered to his feet and then lurched off as quickly as he could down the barnyard in the direction of the road, while Jim gaped after him with open mouth and staring eyes. At first the horrible idea crossed his mind that Frank was going to get an axe or a carving knife, and make his revenge complete and memorable. So he waited in an agony of fear for the coming of his doom.

The big man clambered over the low fence, and looked back. Seeing Jim still standing in the same position he shook his fist at him furiously.

"I—I'll—I'll sue you for this," he roared, "I'll sue you—ye bloodthirsty murderer!"

Then Jim knew. He was running away!

In his utter astonishment he turned to look at his wife. This time the shock nearly overcame him, for he positively saw fear in her eyes—those eyes before whose glare he had so often retreated in undignified haste.

She saw his surprise, and knew that she had blundered. She made a desperate effort to recover her dwindling sovereignty.

"What—what do ye mean," she stammered, "by attackin' the poor man in—in that horrible manner?"

But it was too late. Jim drew a long breath and walked right up to her, puffing his chest out very far.

"Go back to the house, woman," he said, "and don't talk to me till me rage cools down. I don't want to do nothin' I'd be sorry for. I think I'd better go down to the village."

"What? Are ye goin' to go off drinkin'? Well, I won't—"

Jim cast a threatening eye on her.

"Ye won't what? Are ye goin' to make me start on you, too?"

This was the last straw. She sank down on the old feedbox and wept feebly into her apron, while her lord and master walked off with a majestic frown. He had found himself at last.

The Decay in Anxiety.

If all the people who have originated or promulgated cures for fear succeed, we shall be soon in the position of having nothing to be anxious about.

Will this be desirable?

There was a man who wouldn't go down a certain pair of stairs before eleven in the morning; another who was afraid to cross the river on a ferryboat; another who never dared to leave his house for fear it would burn down — and so on through a long list.

Now, these are improper anxieties—they proceed from pathological conditions.

But are there proper anxieties, and should they be kept alive?

A person in a Christian Science Church once fainted away and fell to the floor. Several people looked around but no one offered to help. No one cared—or dared—to display any anxiety. Eventually the person came to, and with some difficulty got out, where she was helped home by strangers on the street.

Of course she was to blame. She had not yet reached the plane of thought where she was conscious that fainting away is an error of mortal mind.

But when all the world gets there—when everyone is blissfully unconscious of suffering, and has no sense of responsibility about anything—what will happen? It is possible, of course, that if the thing is done thoroughly enough, it will remedy itself.

For example, it is only half the battle to say that we ought not to be anxious about our debts. When the cycle is completed, and our creditors are not anxious about them—when we can run up as many bills as possible, and the slightest intimation on our part to the creditor is met with a smile of protest and the statement that they wouldn't think of troubling us—for the simple reason that there is no such thing as trouble—won't that be the millenium?

It ought to be.

Think also of having our favorite child go wrong, and smile as we hear of his downfall.

That seems to be the logical outcome of the new thought. Why shrink from it?—Thomas L. Masson, in Life.

THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE TO BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

Via the Grand Trunk Railway System. First-class equipment and excellent train service as follows:—To Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York, 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m.; to Montreal, 7.30 a.m., 9.00 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m.; to Detroit and Chicago, 8 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11 p.m. Above trains all run daily. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets, Phone Main 4209.

An American weekly has offered a prize for the person who names the worst novel of the past year and gives the best reasons for its being the worst. Saturday Night is proud to be able, not only to point out the worst poem of the last ten years, but also to print it in its unblushing entirety. This makes it quite unnecessary to give any reasons for its being the most awful ever. It has been contributed as a Washington Birthday Ode:

"Boney was a great man,
A soldier brave and true;
But Wellington did lick him
At the battle of Waterloo.
But greater far and better still,
And tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington, the man what could
Have licked 'em both together."

Intending insurers who desire to secure a policy that will embrace all the features of life insurance with a guaranteed income should inquire into the guaranteed income bond policy issued by the Federal Life Assurance Company of Hamilton. The company will be pleased to furnish information and rates to anyone desiring to secure the best in life insurance.

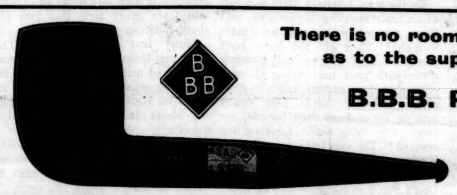
The cheapest tea to use is not the lowest priced. You can buy tea a few cents a pound cheaper that will make a drink, but if you want an absolutely pure, healthful, cleanly-prepared tea use "Salada." It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas, because it goes farther.

There is no doubt that much of the antipathy against the "yellow man" is due to racial hatred, but aside from that there are economic and industrial conditions which tend to foster the spirit of unrest. The statesman who sets himself the task of solving the problem without interfering with the national obligations and giving the brotherhood of man too severe a wrench has a statue and a page in history awaiting him.—Calgary News.

Walking Sticks

ADVANCED STYLES. The newest London and New York shapes of gentlemen's walking sticks, in a great variety of woods, plain and mounted, are now on sale at our store.

A. CLUBB & SONS, "Only Store" "Depot for BBB Pipes" **5 King St. West** Cor. Yonge St.



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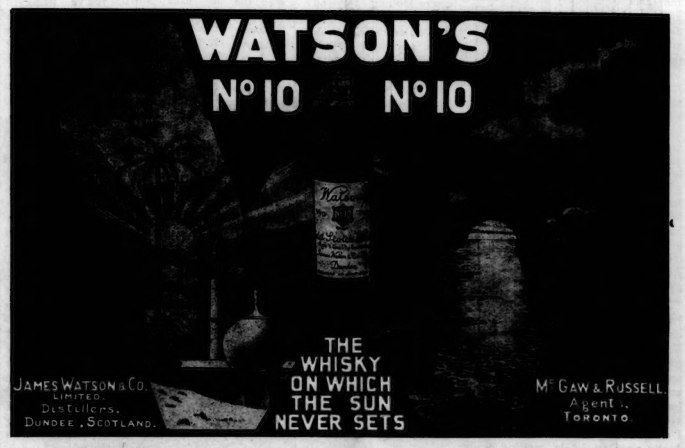

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Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

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To the Public:—

There are more impurities in Ale, caused through careless and inexperienced bottling, than from any other source.

Ale is in its most delicate and susceptible state while being bottled; it is exposed to all poisonous germs, and readily absorbs any impurities that may exist in the air.

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